THE

RAPE:

OR, THE

Innocent Impostors,

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal

By Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο Βυλή.
Hom.

LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Crouch.* at the Corner of *Pope's-Head-Alley*, over against the *Royal-Exchange*, 1692.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL OF

DORSET and *MIDDLESEX*, &c.

My Lord,

WEre I not ſufficiently aſſured, that your Candour is as great as your Judgment, I ſhould not have expos'd the following Triſle to your Lordſhip's Cenſure; whoſe diſcerning Eyes would not fail to diſcover the ſmalleſt fault, d'd not your Goodneſs draw a veil over them: It is to that I humbly offer up this youthful Eſſay, which aims no higher than to obtain your Pardon, ſince it cannot pretend to your Approbation, having nothing to recommend it, but the Zeal of the Preſenter: And this, my Lord, has been growing up with me from my earlieſt Yea.s; that extraordinary Genius, and thoſe admirable Qualifications, which diſtinguiſh your Lordſhip from

from the reſt of Mankind, having created in me a proportionable reſpect and Reverence for their Owner, as ſoon as I was capable to taſte true Senſe, or to reliſh the excellency of thoſe Writings with which your Lordſhip has ſometimes been pleaſed to oblige the World. But as theſe Conſiderations gave me a very great Eſteem and Veneration for your Lordſhip; ſo that which raiſed them to the higheſt degree imaginable, is that hearty Zeal, and unaffected Sincerity, with which you daily labour to ſupport the Intereſt of that Government, for which I have been no inconſiderable Sufferer: And as this engages me in your Lordſhip's Service with all poſſible Devotion, ſo give me leave to hope that it entitles me in ſome meaſure to your Lordſhip's Protection; ſince the very ſame Principle cauſes us mean ones to ſuffer for it, which engages thoſe of your exalted Quality to ſtrengthen and uphold it; namely, a true Affection to the Proteſtant Religion, *and the* Engliſh Liberties; *Both which were viſibly ſtruck at, and had infallibly been overturned, had not Providence made uſe of their preſent Majeſties to reſcue and relieve them. But I forget that I am robbing the Publick, while I detain you from your more ſerious Employments; I ſhall only beg*

your Lordſhip not to judge of the reſpect I bear you by the meanneſs of this Preſent; but to believe, that I ſhall always look upon the Honour of your Lordſhip's Patronage, as too great a Recompence for all my former Sufferings; and that no Title can be more conſiderable to me, than that of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Obliged, and

Moſt Humble Servant, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

'TIS not long ſince when the well judging Age,
View'd nicely all the Labours of the Stage?
Then ableſt Writers hardly purchas'd Praiſe;
Which now each puny Scribler gets with eaſe.
True Nature then and ſolid Sence took place,
Now ackward Farce prevails; with dull Grimace.
Thus little Poets cheaply get a Name,
whilſt Nokes, *and* Leigh *inſure the Author's fame.*
It were leſs ſtrange if ſuch lewd Toys as theſe
Did the looſe Race of Cap'ring Monſieurs *pleaſe:*
Who ſtill their Judgements like their Stomachs treat,
Loath hearty Diſhes of ſubſtantial Meat,
And Write and Judge as ſlightly as they eat.
But why ſhould Engliſh, *who in both excel,*
And always us'd to feed, and judge ſo well,
Be now content on Snails or Herbs to dine;
And for light Kick-Shaws quit the luſty Chine?
Were our great Ben *alive, how would he rage!*
How would he ſcourge the folly of this Age,
And laſh the Vermine who infect the Stage!
Who with ſo little Nature, and leſs Art,
A Theater would to a Booth convert:
For ſhame redeem your Credit, and forbear
To favour Drolls, ſuch Piteous Smithfield-*Ware:*
Try if to Night you can digeſt a Play
Cook'd in the plain, but wholeſom Engliſh *way.*
'Tis no new faſhion'd Meſs, nor ſavour'd ſtrong
With Poignant ..uce, of Dance, Machine, and Song.
It boaſts no gauay Scenes to Court the view,
And to ſave Wit, but little Muſick too.
Nay, what is worſe, prepare for Mortial noiſe,
Trumpet, and Drum, inſtead of Flute and Voice.
Yet let no Beau, *who hears the frightful ſounds,*
Start, or look pale at thought of Blood, *and Wounds.*
But Cock, talk big, and hide his growing fears:
A Play-Houſe Drum ne're beats for Volunteers.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

By Mr. *SHADWELL.*

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

HOw full of Beaus this Circle does appear
Who hate all Camps, and will not leave us here,
For all the Fame of Talbot, Sydney, Vere.
'Las a Beau's tender, ſubject to catch cold,
And a rough Camp will make one look ſo old;
The cold ſo pinch, the heat ſo tan his Face,
He ne'er can ogle more with any Grace:
Poor miſerable Beau is quite undone,
The luſtre of his dear Complexion gone;
Beſides Wounds in the Face, alack! and Woe!
Some cruel Bullet may cut off a Beau:
Out on't, who but a Sot would not prefer
Pulvillio to Match and Gunpowder?
Or who would leave, ſo careleſs of dear Gut,
Locket's or Lo,g's, *for a vile Sutler's Hut?*
Or would lie cold in Tents, or hard in Trenches,
Rather than in warm Beds with pretty Wenches?
Sweet Sparks do you continue in good mind,
Let others follow Drums, ſtay you behind.
You profitable Bees yield Wax and Honey,
To Poets Matter, and to Players Money.
If you, dear Beaus, ſhould have ſo little Wit,
For grinning Honour your Delights to quit,
How ſhould we want you inſide Box and Pit.
Spite of old Engliſh *Magnanimity,*
Be you from Foreign fighting ever free,
And let us have your ſweet Society.
Diſcourſe at home of Van and Flank and Reer,
And rout French *Monſieurs o'er a Bottle here,*
But to the filthy Camp pray come not near.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Gunderic,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Genſelaric,	Mr. *Williams.*
Briomer,	Mr. *Hodgſon.*
Albimer,	Mr. *Zibber.*
Rodoric,	Mr. *Freeman.*
Almeric,	Mr. *Harris.*
Agilmond,	Mrs. *Butler.*
Valdaura,	Mr. *Mic. Lee.*
Amalazontha,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Rhadegonda,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Eurione,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Merinda.	Mrs. *Richardſon.*

THE RAPE: OR, THE Innocent Impoſtors.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace Garden.

Enter Briomer *and* Albimer.

Brio. HAS the King din'd?——

Albi. ——He has; and the rich Fumes
Of *Corſick* Wines, which he too freely ſwallow'd,
Have made him vain; now he fights o're his Battels
Of 20 Years, and numbers all his Conqueſts;
Whilſt the baſe Herd of Fawning Courtiers ſcrew
Their ſervile Looks to ſeeming Admiration,
And cry him up a ſecond *Alexander.*

Brio. Could you endure the fulſom Pageantry;
Or be the Eccho to their looſe Applauſe?
You could not ſure; a generous Diſdain
Shoots from your Eyes, and tells me, every Boaſt
Of this Vain-glorious King brands us for Slaves:
For ſure the Haughty *Vandal* could not miſs,
In all his Catalogue of former Triumphs,
That which made us his Vaſſals.——

Albi. ——No, he did not:
That was his labour'd Theme, his darling Topick,
The *Gothiſh* Conqueſt! that he juſtly ſtil'd
His Valour's Maſter-piece; began the Story

From the first Breach; not sixteen tedious years
Had worn away the slightest Circumstance:
And while he spoke, the Honourable Wounds,
Which for my slaughter'd Master I took nobly,
Seem'd to bleed freshly at it, like a Corpse
In presence of its Murtherer——There I left him,
And, in the midst of all his vain Harangue,
Stole from the Presence. But no more: the King
Is come to walk; let us observe at distance.

Enter Gunderic, Genselaric, Ferrismond, *Guards and Attendants.*

Gund. Was it not brave? Speak thou, *Genselaric*,
For thou wert near me still, and thy keen Sword
Well co[illegible]'d out the Deaths which mine had drawn,
As if thou lik'dst the Great Original;
Was't not a glorious day?——
Gen. ——Yes, Royal Sir,
A day which should in *Vandal* Annals stand,
Redeem'd from time, in Golden Characters,
When dreadful *Rhadagaise*, the Valiant *Goth*——
Albi. (aside) 'Tis the same hateful subject; let's retire. [*Ex.* Bri. *and* (Alb.
Gund. Thou speak'st him right; well he deserv'd that Title,
Whom haughty *Rome* with twenty thousand Talents
Brib'd high to quit her wasted Provinces,
And thought it easie purchase. Him return'd,
With all his Fame about him, I attempted;
Him in the head of all his Troops encounter'd,
Nor shun'd he my Assault. Like two large Comets
That blaze in opposition we appear'd;
Our waiting Armies watch'd the dreadful shock,
And in our lifted arms was wrap'd the fate
Of thousand Vulgar Souls.
Then, my *Genselaric*, then *Ferrismond*,
For you were present too, how did we tug
For Empire and for life! 'till cover'd o're
With well-plac'd Wounds, the *Gothish* Monarch sunk,
And my superiour Fortune triumph'd o're him.
By Heav'ns! I cou'd have hug'd my dying Foe,
Almost have envy'd him, he fell so nobly!
And made me sweat so hard for glorious Conquest!
Fer. If such his Fame, (and he deserv'd no less,)
What then is yours, who bravely overcame him?
Gund. Right, *Ferrismond*, and 'tis for that I prize
This Conquest more than all my other Trophies:
In all my chase of Fame, I never met
A braver Foe; for this his Captive Queen

And all his Female Iſſue I preſerv'd;
The Males, to make my Conqueſt more ſecure,
Embrac'd their Father's Fate.———
Gen. ———'Twas fitting Policy.
But, ſacred Sir, your Pardon, if I dare
To ſound the Secrets of your Royal Boſom,
And humbly beg to learn why you deſign
To wed the eldeſt of thoſe Princely Orphans
To *Agilmond*, our lovely Prince, and graft
A Captive Cien on your Royal Stock?
Now muſt I beg to know, what known will blaſt me. [*Aſide.*
Gund. I'le tell thee, Nephew,
For thou art brave, and therefore 'tis I love thee.
Ten years I reap'd the precious ſweets of Love
Without ſucceſs; for tho' my fruitful Queen
Was bleſt with numerous Births, yet all were Female
A Sex unfit for Sway; and my large Conqueſts
Muſt have been parcell'd out to Neighbour Princes,
As they grew ripe for Wedlock: Thus I murmur'd,
Till angry Fate ſnatch'd all my blooming Offspring,
And cruſh'd them in the Bloſſom———
Gen. ———I remember,
'Twas juſt before the *Gothiſh* Expedition:
And ſoon the heat of War dry'd up your Tears.
Gund. It did———
But when I parted from my Queen, I left her
Juſt ready to lay down another Burthen;
Then grief and rage forc'd out this Solemn Vow:
If ſtill you blaſt my Hopes, and your full Womb
Again diſcloſe another Female Birth,
By my juſt rage it dies.——This ſaid, we parted.
Gen. Something like this was buzz'd about the Court,
Scatter'd in Whiſpers by the attending Ladies;
But ſoon it dy'd; and I had almoſt loſt
The looſe remembrance, 'till your words reviv'd it.
Gund. Th' Event of things ſoon bury'd it: For Fate
Shook at my dire Reſolve, and as o're-aw'd,
Caſt in a Nobler Mold her pliant Iſſue,
And Stamp'd it with the Image of a Man.
The welcome News, by winged Couriers born,
Found me returning from my *Gothiſh* Conqueſt,
And cover'd o're with Lawrels.———
Gen. ——What could Fate
Do more, than make you great at once and happy?
Than give at once two ſuch important Bleſſings,
A Kingdom and an Heir?
Gund. 'Twas much indeed: And I with fitting joy

Receiv'd the mighty Preſents——
But oh! *Genſelaric*,
How little do my preſent Comforts anſwer
The large Idea which my thoughts then form'd!
The Prince, my Valiant Nephew——
Gen. ——Sacred Sir,
Give your thoughts vent; and oh! forbid it, Heav'n,
That Sigh ſhou'd be occaſion'd by the Prince,
The lovely Prince.
Gund. ——The lovely Prince indeed,
And there thou ſumm'ſt his Praiſe: I wiſh thou could'ſt,
Inſtead of that faint Epithet, have put
The Manly or the Valiant: but alas!
His outward Compoſition ſhews him Woman
In all things but the Sex; and much I fear
His very Soul's a Woman. Balls and Dances,
The Converſation of conceited Ladies
And fluttering Courtiers, are his chief delight:
He loves not Arms, to break the Warlike Steed,
Or dart the well-aim'd Javelin. Is he fit
To hold the Reins of ſtubborn Conquer'd Nations,
To keep my Fame up, and convey my Glory
To Ages yet to come?——
Gen. ——His tender years
Are yet unripe for Action; time may change
And form his thoughts to a more Manly temper.
Gund. 'Tis true indeed, it may; but that forc'd Smile
In which you dreſs your Face, ſeems to inform me,
That you my Armies headed at his Years,
And brought home Victory. Here lies my Grief,
The Remedy's behind. The conquer'd *Goths*,
Who brook my Sway uneaſily, though rank'd
With my own *Vandals* both in Truſt and Favour,
Yet wiſh a Prince whom they may call their own.
Gen. I have of late obſerv'd a ſullen haughtineſs
In moſt of them; the ſign of forc'd Reſpect,
And ebbing Duty.——
Gund. ——If to me they pay
But an unwilling Service, what muſt *Agilmond*,
Weak *Agilmond* expect, unleſs ſecur'd
By politick defences? Therefore 'tis
That I deſign to wed him to *Eurione*,
The eldeſt of the Captive Princeſſes;
That ſo her Title may ſecure his Intereſt,
And the reſpect they pay her Father's Blood
Blot out the Hatred which they owe to mine.
Gen. But, Royal Sir, forgive me, if I tell you

The Prince is much averſe to this deſign,
And all the Tribute of his Heart and Eyes
Are to the younger paid, the proud *Valdaura.*
Gund. Too well I know it, but I know as well
To make my ſelf obey'd: *Valdaura!* no,
Her Temper's too imperious; in her Face
I ſee the fierceneſs of her Father's looks;
It is not ſafe to plant too near my Throne
One of her haughty nature. But I trifle;
My Reſolution's fix'd unalterably,
Nor dares he thwart my Will,——
Who have a double Title to his Duty,
As Father, and as King. Go you, *Genſelaric,*
Attend the Prince, and bid him wait my Pleaſure
Upon the Terrace Walk.——
[*Exeunt* Gunderick, Ferriſmond, *Guards and Attendants.*
Gen. ſolus. Death to my hopes! he's fix'd unmoveably,
And all my Wiſhes blaſted: But ſhall I,
Who nobly paſt through twenty rough Campaigns,
Tamely look on, and ſee a puling Boy,
A young effeminate Stripling, raviſh from me
A Miſtreſs and a Crown! It muſt not be:
Let Patient Slaviſh Fools drudge on, and bear
Th' uneaſie Yoak of forc'd Obedience;
Such tame reſults as thoſe never attend
The Lover and the Brave——Ambition ſingle
Shou'd be too ſtrong a Match for feeble Virtue;
But when
Almighty Love does with Ambition cloſe,
What Force can their united Pow'r oppoſe? [*Exit.*

SCENE *a Chamber-Royal.*

Enter Rhadegonda, Eurione, *and* Valdaura.

Rhad. Altho' the Honour *Gunderick* deſigns
Our ruin'd Family by this Alliance,
Be greater than our humble hopes cou'd aim at:
Yet ſtill methinks a melancholly Cloud
Hangs on *Eurione,* and ſeems to tell me,
The Prince's coldneſs damps her comforts more
Than all his Father's kindneſs can aſſure them.
Eur. Madam, I muſt confeſs the Prince's coldneſs
Diſturbs my troubled Breaſt; but 'tis becauſe
I bluſh to think that one who ſhares your Blood
Should live to bear a ſlight.——
Val. ——Oh! my lov'd Siſter,

How

How well that thought becomes your Royal Birth!
For the Prince,
Think not, *Eurione*, charming as he is,
That I will e'er receive his loath'd Addreſſes,
Though lately paid with undiſſembled fervour:
His ſlight of you provokes my hatred more
Than all his Court to me can raiſe my love.
Rhad. Be careful though, my Daughter, how you treat
The youthful Prince; and ſince you muſt deny him,
Mix no diſdain to make refuſal harſher:
Humility and Meekneſs beſt become
The Conquer'd and the Captive.——
Val. ——True, we are ſo,
I mean our Bodies, but our Souls are free,——
Thoſe he cou'd neither Captivate nor Conquer:
The *Vandal* Triumph is too great already;
Let's not encreaſe it, Madam, nor allow
That it can reach our minds——
Rhad. ——No, my *Valdaura*;
Juſt Heav'n forbid that *Rhadagaiſe*'s Widow
Shou'd own a thought ſo mean! but fit it is
We ſhou'd diſſemble; ſince a ſhort Complaiſance
To all the Actions of our future life,
May give unbounded Freedom.——You, *Valdaura*,
Retire a while; and when my faithful *Briomer*
And *Albimer* arrive, conduct 'em hither. [*Exit* Valdaura.
Now, my *Eurione*, diſburthen now
Your ſwelling Breaſt of its uneaſie load,
And breathe your Griefs into a Mother's Ear:
Love is no Crime, and ſure the Prince has Charms
Sufficient to excuſe a Female fondneſs;
Nor did you love unſought; and if your Paſſion
Continues ſtill to Flame when his grows cold,
Unhappy it may make you, but not faulty.
Eur. Bleſt be thoſe Friendly and Relenting Pow'rs
That have inſpir'd your Breaſt with ſuch indulgence!
'Tis true, I love, ſtill love th' ingrateful Prince;
Falſe as he is, he's the ſame Charmer ſtill,
Lord of my tender'ſt and moſt dear Affections:
And though I dare not to my Rival Siſter,
Whoſe Spirit awes me, own my laſting Paſſion,
It burns as bright as ever.——
Rhad. ——Cheriſh it:
Valdaura's ſcorn will quickly ſend him back
To find a gentler Treatment in your Love;
Beſides, the King commands him, and his Will,
Though ne'er ſo raſh, when he is once reſolv'd,

Cannot

Cannot be ſafely thwarted.———
Eur. ———Still I fear;
For ſure my haughty Siſter cannot long
Reſiſt the lovely Prince.——
Rhad. ———Fear not, *Eurione*,
Take it upon a Queen, and Mother's word,
Valdaura cannot wrong you. But no more,
She comes, and with her *Briomer* and *Albimer*:
Withdraw a while, and try to eaſe your Griefs
With pleaſing hopes of his returning Paſſion. [*Exit* Eurione.

Enter Valdaura, Briomer, *and* Albimer.

Welcome, my Noble Friends; you that continue
Faithful and juſt to ruin'd Majeſty,
I waited for your coming.
Valdaura, ſooth
Your Siſter in Errour; 'tis not ſafe
To truſt her with the mighty ſecret yet. [*Exit* Valdaura.
Have you, my Lords, diſpers'd the weighty News
Amongſt my Faithful *Goths*, that yet a Prince
Of *Rhadagaiſe*'s Royal Blood is living,
And if they dare but ſtruggle for their Freedom,
Will ſoon appear to head them?——
Brio. ——Madam, we have,
And they with undiſſembled joy receiv'd it,
But mix'd with ſome Diſtruſt; they ſeem to doubt
The mighty Bleſſing; but aſſur'd of that,
They vow to Sacrifice to his juſt Intereſt
What e'er they hold moſt dear.———
Albi. ———Nor are they weak
In number, or in quality; the King,
To baniſh all reſentment from their minds,
And make them fond of Slavery, admits them
To Offices of Profit, and of Truſt;
The very Troops that Guard him are not free
From *Gothiſh* mixture.———
Brio. ———Theſe are all our own,
And once confirm'd that they have yet a Prince
Of your Illuſtrious Line, will ſoon ſhake off
The *Vandal* Yoak, which now unwillingly
They bear, and ſeat him in his Father's Throne.
Rhad. They know me, and my Royal word's to them
Sufficient Confirmation; but to you
I will unlock the Secret, how I ſav'd
And kept conceal'd a Treaſure of ſuch value.
But here we are too open; let's retire

Into

Into my private Cloſet; there we'll ſhare
A joy too great for me alone to bear. [*Exeunt.* Briomer *drops a Paper.*

Enter Genſelarick *and a Lady.*

Gen. The Princeſs indiſpos'd! and will admit
No Viſitants?——
Lady. ——My Lord, ſhe's juſt laid down
To take ſome reſt, to which of late ſhe's grown
A Stranger.——
Gen. ——May her ſleep be ſoft and quiet
As that of Infants——Whilſt my waking thoughts, [*Exit Lady.*
Are as diſturb'd as Dreams of guilty Men.
Ha! what is this;—— [*Takes up a Paper folded.*
——Though 'tis not generous
To pry into the Secrets of another;
A Lover, near the Chamber of his Miſtreſs
May plead a juſt excuſe for being curious. [*Opens it, and Reads.*

My Lord,

YOU may ſafely depend upon my Intelligence; I have it from no worſe a hand than our Royal Miſtreſs's; therefore be aſſured that when your Party is fully formed, a Prince of her own Blood ſhall appear to head it. Meet me without fail at the appointed place and time, where I will inform you farther.

How's this? a Faction forming? and a Prince
Of *Gothiſh* Blood to head it? this confirm'd
By her who beſt ſhould know, the Captive Queen?
Is then the cruel Policy of *Gunderic*
Deceiv'd, and a ſurviving Male yet left
To take ſharp Vengeance for his ſlaughter'd Kinſmen?
Kind Fate that brought this Secret to my hands,
Meant not it ſhou'd be uſeleſs: this well manag'd
May either ſerve my Intereſt, or my Love,
Perhaps may forward both: let me conſider——

Enter Rodorick *and* Almerick.

Rod. This way the General went——
Alm. ——See there he ſtands;
And by the fix'd compoſure of his look,
Something uncommon fills his working thoughts:
Let's wait a while.——
Gen. ——The deſtinies of Men
Are not more ſurely Charactred

In

In Fate's eternal Volume, than mine here.
Suppoſe I tell the King,
One of theſe two fatal Evils muſt attend it:
Either his Rage flames high, not to be quench'd,
But by the Blood of all that Royal Race,
And ſo I give my Miſtreſs up to Slaughter:
(Horrour and Death! it ſhocks my Soul to think it.)
Or if his Policy ſhou'd curb his Anger,
The Fatal Match between the Prince and her,
To ſettle things is haſten'd; and I throw
The only Perſon upon Earth I love
Into my Rival's Arms———
Confuſion ſeize him! that muſt not, cannot, ſhall not be.
Rod. He ſeems diſturb'd, as if his thoughtful Soul
Were fiercely toſs'd betwixt two deep Deſigns,
And doubtful which to fix on——
Gen. Suppoſe I carry it to the Captive Queen;
And ſince the Lives of her and all her Nation
Are in my Hands, ſay I diſcloſe my Paſſion
For bright *Eurione*, and make her the Price
Of my Important Silence; if that fails,
Add my Aſſiſtance too, to join in it;
By Heav'n it wears a forward face of hope,
Nor can it fail to take———it ſhall be ſo.
Alm. His looks clear up; the Reſolution's taken,
Be't what it will.——My Lord, we wait your leiſure.
Gen. O! my beſt Friends, you come moſt opportunely:
I want your kind Aſſiſtance in ſome matters
Of mighty Moment; and ſo much I truſt
Your well experienc'd Faith, I will not doubt
But you dare follow whereſoe'er I lead,
Although the Path I tread be full of danger.
Rod. My Lord, you judge us right; all our Employments
Are but your Gift, when the Ungrateful Court
Repuls'd and caſt us off, you took us in,
Stemm'd the rough Torrent, dreſt us in freſh Honours,
And fix'd us near your ſelf:
And if for you we forfeit all,
We pay but back your own.
Alm. ——Our Lives are Trifles,
Which for a Drunken Friend we oft expoſe;
How ſhou'd we then refuſe to lay them down
For you our Friend and Patron?———
Gen. ——Read this Paper;
The hand I gueſs; but to inform me farther,
Are you acquainted with it?
Rod. ——Let me ſee,

This Writing is familiar to my eyes;
And now the weighty matter it contains
Inſtructs my Memory: 'Tis *Briomer*'s.
I oft have ſeen't when jointly we commanded
The *Vandal* and the *Gothiſh* Cavalry;
Moſt certain 'tis his own.——
Gen. ——It is not doubted.
Now take the Darling Secret of my Soul;
I'll turn my Heart quite outwards to your view,
Nor ſhall one thought eſcape you. O, my Friends,
I love *Eurione*; love her beyond Victory
Raviſh'd from valiant Foes, that made Succeſs
Hang doubtful long.——
Rod. ——She's deſtin'd for the Prince;
And if I err not much, her Inclinations
Bend that way too.——
Gen. ——They're biaſs'd by her Intereſt;
He's Heir to mighty Kingdoms, ſhe a Captive.
But wave we that? You ſee the dreadful Secret
Contain'd within that Scrowl; dare you join it?
I'm ſure you dare; dare any thing, but baſely
Deſert a Friend that truſts you with his life,
Nay more, his Love——
Alm. ——We are your Creatures, Sir,
And are reſolv'd to move as you direct us.
Rod. Beſides, this bleſt occaſion wakes the memory
Of former wrongs, which call aloud for Vengeance.
Gen. Let me infold you thus; in this Embrace
I tie my Fortunes to you: in our walk
We'll ſettle matters further.——
As ſome rich Merchant, when the Billows roar,
Holds faſt one Casket full of precious Store,
Whilſt all his meaner Treaſure's tumbled o'er:
So while Love's ſafe, ſecurely I ſurvey
Fame, Profit, Honour, Virtue, caſt away.
Rather than ſee my Darling Love diſtreſt;
Let wide Deſtruction ſwallow all the reſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Terrace-Walk.*

Enter Gunderick.

THe Prince's ill-plac'd love to proud *Valdaura*,
With the loud Murmurs of my *Gothiſh* Subjects,
Diſtract my careful thoughts by Day, and haunt
My reſtleſs Dreams by night. Hard Fate of Kings!
Whoſe outward Grandure only ſerves to guild
The Slavery they undergo within!
And yet theſe Ills admit one common Cure,
His Marriage with *Eurione*, a Remedy
Which muſt not be delay'd; their Diſcontents,
And his looſe Paſſion, if we give them time,
Will daily grow more ſtrong; it is reſolv'd,
And Fate, if it had otherwiſe decreed,
Shou'd ſooner change than ——— [*Enter* Agilmond.

Agil. ———I was inform'd
Your Majeſty commanded my Attendance,
I had not elſe preſum'd to interrupt
Your private thoughts———

Gund. ——Come nearer, *Agilmond*,
Nor think your Preſence interrupts my thoughts,
For they were full of you.———

Agil. ——I could not wiſh
To fill a Nobler Scene; yet humbly hope
That melancholly Cloud which ſhades your Brow
Was not occaſion'd by the thoughts of me.

Gund. And yet it was: For you, my *Agilmond*,
My careful Brain toils daily, and my Sleeps
Are nightly broken; all to make you great,
And to that Greatneſs happy——

Agil. ——Royal Sir,
If ſtill I hold your Favour, I am both;
In that my Greatneſs lies, in that my Happineſs.

Gund. Priz'd you my favour at ſo high a rate,
You wou'd not dare to contradict my Will;
A Will whoſe chief and only aim it is
To make your Fortunes certain: Put not on
A Face of ſeeming Ignorance, my meaning
Is ſoon unriddled; why are your Addreſſes
So coldly paid to fair *Eurione*,
Your deſtin'd Bride? My Will has made her ſuch;

And yours, if mine you valu'd as you ought,
Shou'd hand in hand go with it.——
Agil. Your Pardon, Sir,
'Tis worſe than Death to me to diſobey you;
And yet 'tis worſe than that to marry one
I cannot love.——
Gund. ——How! cannot love? take heed,
It is not ſafe to dally with my Anger:
Is ſhe not Chaſt and Fair? Of Royal Birth
And Princely Education? flows there not
A winning Sweetneſs from her? Is there ought
That's hard in this Injunction?——
Agil. ——Only this,
'Tis hard to force Affection: fair *Eurione*
Has Charms to Conquer any Heart, but mine.
Gund. 'Tis then becauſe that Heart of yours is ſteel'd
With Diſobedience: but no more——*Valdaura*,
The proud *Valdaura*, whom you know I hate,
She is the Darling Object of your Love:
And doubly diſobedient as you are,
You ſhun what I deſire, and fondly ſeek
What moſt I loath.——
Agil. ——'Tis my Unhappineſs,
To have my Actions undergo ſo harſh
A Miſconſtruction: but to prove my Innocence,
And that I am not what your Anger ſtiles me,
Stubborn and Diſobedient; be you pleas'd
To cancel the Commands you laid on me
To wed *Eurione* whom I cannot love,
And I will quit all claim to fair *Valdaura*,
Nor ſee, nor ſpeak to her.——
Gun. ——By Heav'n, the Boy
Begins to Article, and I muſt treat
On equal terms, and meet him half the way;
Whilſt his Compliance but keeps pace with mine,
Moves juſt as far, no farther. Hear me, you
That dare thus trifle with your King and Father,
Hear this my fix'd Reſolve:
By all my Glory, by my thirſt of Fame,
And my great Name in War, to Morrow's Sun
Shall ſee you Wedded to the fair *Eurione*,
Or never more acknowledg'd as my Son.
Agil. O Sacred Sir! call back that diſmal Vow;
Kill me, and I will kiſs the hand that does it;
But oh! condemn me not to loath'd Embraces;
See, on my Knees I beg it.—— [*Kneeling and Embracing his Knees.*
Gund. ——Looſe your hold,

Or I will force my way; thou! that art Manly
In nothing but in Diſobedience;
That too is Womaniſh, 'tis Wilfulneſs
A Female Vice; no more, you know my Will,
Prepare to meet it— [*Breaks from him and Exit.* Agilmond *lies down.*
Agil. ——Rather to meet my Death,
For that muſt be the fatal Conſequence.
Thus my ſad Sentence runs, [*To Morrow's Sun*
Shall ſee you Wedded to the Fair Eurione:]
To Morrow's Sun will then diſcloſe a Secret
Which Sixteen Years have faithfully conceal'd:
Unhappy *Agilmond!* thy lateſt Glaſs
Of Life is running now, and the laſt Sand
Will ſteal away to Morrow.—— [*Enter* Amalazontha.
Amal. ——I met the King
With Fury in his Looks, regardleſly
He paſt along, and in a ſurly tone
Bad me, go teach my Son Obedience. [*Sees the Prince.*
See, there he lies! alas! is that a Couch
Fit for the Heir of Mighty *Gunderic?* [*Goes to him.*
What means my *Agilmond?* what ſawcy Grief
Uſurps a Breaſt ſo dear to me as thine?
And yet I fear to ask, for ſure it is
Of Mighty Weight, that bows you to the Earth
As you were rooted there.——
Agil. ——Forgive me, Madam,
That muſt alarm your Ears with ſounds more diſmal
Than Groans of Mandrakes, or the Scritch-Owl's Note;
The Croaks of Ravens at a Sickman's Window
Would be but Muſick to the News I bear.
Amal. Alas! what means this dreadful Preparation?
Is the great Secret of your Sex diſclos'd?
Has *Gunderick* diſcover'd what you are?
He has not ſure; for as I enter'd here
He ſpoke to me of you, and call'd you Son.
Agil. 'Tis true, he has not yet; but oh! to Morrow,
To Morrow he has vow'd that I ſhall wed
Eurione, and then the fatal Secret
Muſt needs be known; and well you know his Vows,
However raſh, are obſtinately kept.
Amal. ——Too well I know it;
Nor is this Vow the firſt. O! cruel *Gunderick!*
Was't not enough, raſh and inhuman Prince!
That when this precious Burthen fill'd my Womb,
You doom'd it then to Death? but muſt I now,
When Sixteen Years have made it dearer to me,
And ty'd it to my Heartſtrings, ſee it Butcher'd

By thy unnatural and ſavage rage?
Agil. Be witneſs, Heav'n, how little that afflicts me!
Your Danger ſinks me, under that I bend,
Unable to ſuſtain it. Permit me, Madam,
To dye for both; to Morrow dooms me;
Let me but dye now;
And the important Secret dies with me,
And gives new life to you.——
Amal. ——No, *Agilmond*,
Our Caſe is dangerous, but not deſperate:
Through all theſe Clouds I ſpye one Ray of Hope
Break brightly forth, and gild the horrid Scene:
Eurione is Virtuous and Diſcreet;
We'll truſt th'important Secret to her knowledge;
And ſure ſhe will not ſcruple to aſſiſt
Two Royal Suppliants. Come, my *Agilmond*,
Wait on the King, and ſeemingly comply,
Leave the Event of things to me and Heav'n;
The Gods that watch'd to guard your Infant ſtate,
Will ſave you ſtill, and their own Work compleat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A lonely Walk within proſpect of the Palace.*

Enter Briomer.

Curſe on my Negligence! to loſe a Paper
Of ſuch a vaſt Concern! my life's wrap'd in it;
My life's a trifle; but the lives of all
My Countrymen, nay ev'n the Queen's and Prince's
Are by my fatal careleſſneſs expos'd.
The beſt that I can hope, is that the Queen
Her ſelf has found it; yet ſuppoſe ev'n that,
How wretched muſt I be! How ſhould I look
On one ſo much endanger'd by my Folly! [*Enter* Gen. Rod. & Alm.
O that I had it! tho' for every Letter
I paid a ruddy drop of that rich Blood
Which warms my Heart, I ſhould not think it dear.
Gen. He's here! and by that gloomy look confirms me
The Writing was his own, and that already
He has miſt the Letter; wait a while without
And be not ſeen, I'll ſound him at a diſtance. [*Ex.* Rod. & Alm.
My Lord, I have obſerv'd, for Friendſhip's Eye
Is quick and piercing, in your Face of late
Unuſual Mixtures, ſerioufneſs and joy;
As if your buſie Soul were burthen'd with
Some weighty matter, happy at once and dangerous.

Brio.

Brio. Your Eyes, my Lord, are ill Intelligencers,
To repreſent as things of Weight and Moment,
The ſudden Starts of an uneven temper.
Gen. And yet I fear your Tongue has ſcarcely given
So juſt an Information as my Eyes.
But wave we this diſcourſe: hear you no News?
Brio. Not I, my Lord; 'twas always my Opinion,
That Curious and Inquiſitive were names
Fit for the ſofter Sex.———
Gen. ———I'll tell you then.
'Tis whiſper'd to the King that ſtill a Prince
Of *Gothiſh* Blood is living.———
Brio. ——Ha! what ſays he? [*Aſide.*
Gen. Now you, my Lord, if ſuch a one there be,
Can ſure inform me of't.———
Brio. ——Dreams, idle Dreams:
For were there ſuch, I could not but have known it.
Gen. Why ſo 'tis whiſper'd too; and that your ſelf
Now form a Faction to aſſiſt his Cauſe
Amongſt the diſcontented *Goths.*———
Brio. ———My Lord,
I know my Duty to my General:
Had any other dar'd to ſpeak theſe words,
My Sword e're now had been unſheath'd, to right
My injur'd Honour.
Gen. This Paper would have forc'd it back again, [*Shews the Letter.*
And nail'd it to the Scabbard.
Brio. ——'Tis the ſame,
And he's alone; bleſt opportunity!
My Lord, you have my Secret; but you muſt
Reſtore me that, or with it take my life. [*Draws.* Genſelaric *whiſtles.*
[*Enter* Rodoric *and* Almeric, *they ruſh on him and diſarm him.*
Gen. I will be forc'd to neither———Diſarm him. So;
Give me his Sword: now leave us to our ſelves, [*Ex.* Rod. *and* Alm.
And on your lives no word of what has happen'd.
Brio. What ſhall I judge
Of theſe Proceedings? Baſe at once and Generous?
Gen. You ſeem to be ſurpriz'd, and your amazement
Is too well grounded to create my Wonder:
Yet think not that I ſummon'd theſe to help me
Becauſe I fear'd your Sword; you know I fear not;
But could not wound the Breaſt of one I honour,
Nor ſuffer you to kill the Friend that loves you.
Brio. My Lord, I underſtand you not, your words
Are full of Myſtery:
But could you be a Friend to ſo much Miſery,
'Twere noble to exceſs.——

Gen.

Gen. ——I can, and will be.
Believe me, *Briomer*, 'tis a Solemn Truth,
I hate this *Gunderick*, this Tyrant, more
Than happy Men the thoughts of Death with Torture;
And if there be a Hatred beyond that,
I hate the Prince yet more.——
Brio. ——'Tis wondrous ſtrange!
So favour'd, ſo belov'd!——
Gen. ——Grant all this true,
That I am great in Favour, and in Truſt;
If they at the ſame time tear from my Heart
The only Perſon that my Soul is fond of,
And give her to th' Embraces of another;
Does not this cancel all?——
Brio. ——'Tis true indeed,
That injur'd Love admits no Compenſation.
Gen. This is my caſe: now tell me, *Briomer*,
What may that Man deſerve, that being Maſter
Of this important Secret, which commands
The Lives and Fortunes of a mighty Nation,
Not only locks it ſafe within his Breaſt,
And buries it in ſilence, but breaks through
The Solemn Ties of Duty, and of Blood,
To tempt an equal hazard, nay, to make
By his aſſiſtance the Attempt ſecure,
And paſt the fear of failing.——
Brio. ——He deſerves
What e'er his forward Wiſhes can aſpire to,
What e'er a reſcu'd Nation can beſtow.
Gen. Cou'd this, or more, deſerve the fair *Eurione*,
I durſt perform it for her: now you have
The mighty Secret: tell me, my Lord,
May I have leave to hope?——
Brio. ——Not only hope,
But Certainty attends you. I dare pawn
My yet untainted Honour, that the Queen
Will give a glad conſent: your Birth is Princely,
Your Fame is great, and what you now deſign
Is more than Kingly.——
Gen. ——Take your Sword, My Lord;
And that I may not leave a doubt upon you,
Thus I diſperſe your fears.——Now take me to you, [*Tears the Letter.*
And mould me as you pleaſe.——
Brio. ——Welcome, brave Sir,
Be this Embrace the Seal of laſting Friendſhip
Between us two; I'll lead you to the Queen,
Who ſhall confirm all that your hopes can aim at.

Gen.

Gen. O my best Friend, make good this mighty Promise,
And Heav'n it self has nothing more to give me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Chamber-Royal.*

Enter Eurione, *and* Merinda.

Eur. The sence of former Happiness encreases
Our present Misery; and the fresh remembrance
Of those dear Vows which *Agilmond* once paid,
Does but imbitter more his late neglect.
Merinda, sing the Song I so well lov'd,
Since *Agilmond* grew false.——

SONG.

How long must Women wish in vain
A constant Love to find?
No Art can fickle Man retain,
Or fix a roving Mind.
Yet fondly we our selves deceive,
And empty Hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torment! to discern
A Perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on!
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
Who tread the Maze of Love!
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

Enter Amalazontha.

Mer. Madam, the Queen.——
Amal. What, fair *Eurione*,
Indulging still those melancholly thoughts
Which prey upon your inward Peace, and cloud
The lustre of your Eyes?
Eur. My thoughts and looks
Are such as well become the humble Fortune
Of our unhappy House.
Amal. Fortune's unjust
To wound such Innocence (yet I must join

In her Unjuſtice too) I come, *Eurione*,
To put your Virtue to a mighty Tryal;
To truſt you with a Secret of ſuch weight
As muſt admit no other Ear but yours.
Eur. Merinda, wait without—Madam, you honour me, [*Ex.* Mer.
To think me worthy of ſo great a Truſt;
Nor can I e'er be guilty of ſuch baſeneſs,
As to abuſe ſo generous a Confidence.
Amal. 'Tis that belief makes me unlock my Heart,
And give its darling Secret to you; know then,
To Morrow *Gunderick* deſigns to wed you
To *Agilmond*; bluſh not, *Eurione*,
The Chaſt and Virtuous Love you bear the Prince
Carries no Guilt along with it; and ſure
The Gods themſelves inſpir'd you with that Love,
To ſave his life and mine——
Eur. ——Can any danger
Threaten ſuch precious lives? O! bleſs me, Madam,
By making me the happy Inſtrument
Of ſaving them, though at th' expence of mine.
Amal. We would not purchaſe ours at ſuch a rate:
But, generous *Eurione*, prepare
To hear ſurprizing News; ſummon your Virtue,
For you will need it all: Suppoſe I come,
Like early Froſts, to nip your blooming hopes,
And blaſt the Fruit for ever.——
Eur. ——Hope of late
Has been a Stranger here. I well perceive
Your Majeſty approves not of that Honour
The King deſigns me; and I cannot murmur,
But mourn my want of Merit.——
Amal. ——Fair *Eurione*,
Miſtake me not, I grant you merit all things;
And were he capable to meet your love,
How gladly would I forward it!—— *Eur.* Not capable?
Alas! the killing word! My Rival Siſter
Has Charms, I find, too ſtrong for me to ſtrive with.
Amal. Still you miſtake me; take it in a word,
My *Agilmond*—But ſee we are prevented.

Enter Gunderic, Rhadegonda, Agilmond, Valdaura, Genſelarick, Ferriſmond, Rodorick, Almerick, Briomer, Albimer, *Guards and Attendants.*

Embrace the offer which the King will make,
Till I inform you farther.——
Gund. Though Right of Conqueſt, and the chance of War

Have

Have firmly join'd the *Gothiſh* Crown to mine;
Yet ſtill methinks Poſſeſſion ſeems uneaſie,
Since you, my Royal Siſter, are a Mourner:
And whilſt your Tears attend my yearly Triumphs,
That Scene of Sorrow daſhes all my Joys,
And palls the Taſt of Pleaſure.——
Rhad. ——Tears, my Lord,
Are a juſt Tribute I muſt hourly pay
For *Rhadagaiſe*'s loſs.——
Gund. ——Forget it, Madam,
And ſuffer yours, like other Griefs, to find
A cure from time.——
Rhad. (——They will, I hope, and ſoon.) [*Aſide.*
No time, my Lord, can ever end my Griefs, [*To him.*
But that which ends me too——
Gund. ——Hope better, Madam;
Or if time fails, let me your kinder Comforter
Preſcribe a cure; a cure which ſhall at once
Heal all your Griefs, and dry up all your Tears,
Or change the ſad and melancholly Current
To chearful Streams of Joy. Draw near, my *Agilmond*,
And truſt a Father's care to make your life,
And all the remainder of your time to come,
Happy at once, and Great.——
Agil. —I ſtand prepar'd
To meet your Royal Will with full Obedience.
Gund. Come to my Arms, thou Comfort of my Age.
Dare you to my Diſpoſal, Madam, truſt [*To* Rhad.
This Beauteous Princeſs?——
Rhad. ——She is yours, my Lord,
So are we all, your Captives, and your Slaves;
How ſhould we then deny to be diſpos'd
By you, our Maſter, and our Conquerour?
Gund. The Names of Captive, and of Conquerour
This hour ſhall cancel, and blot out for ever;
But for the mighty Truſt you now repoſe,
Thus low I bow to thank you. Noble Nephew;
And you, my Lords, attend to what I ſay.
Though the rough hand of War firſt ty'd the Knot
Which binds together both my Diadems,
Yet the ſoft bands of Love ſhall faſten it.
Approach, fair Virgin, and receive from me,
The greateſt Preſent *Gunderick* can make,
My *Agilmond*, and with him both my Kingdoms;
And if my flattering hopes deceive me not,
In giving him, I give the greater Gift.
Why are you ſilent, lovely Innocence?

Methinks the vaſtneſs of a Gift like this
Should juſtly challenge Thanks.——
Rhad. ——Impute her Silence
To Maiden Modeſty, and her juſt ſurpriſe;
A Virgins Tongue moves only in her looks,
And ſhe in Bluſhes ſpeaks her glad conſent.
Gund. My Wiſhes are compleat; nor ſhall our joys
Be cramp'd by dull delay. To Morrow's Sun
That yearly Celebrates my *Gothiſh* Triumph,
Shall ſhine with double Light, whilſt to his Splendor,
Their Marriage-Torch ſhall add a brighter luſtre.
My Lords, prepare to grace the wiſh'd Solemnity
With all becoming Honours. You, *Genſelaric*,
Draw forth my Troops, and ſee the Pomp ſet off
With all the glorious Pageantry of War. [*Exeunt omnes, præter* Genſelaric, Rodoric, *and* Almeric. Agil. *drops a Dagger as he goes out,* Rod. *takes it up.*
Gen. Confuſion on them all! How could I ſtand
Thus tamely by, and ſee my panting Heart
Pluck'd from my trembling Boſom freſh and bleeding
By this inhumane King? Am I a Coward?
Anſwer me, Friends, am I that wretched thing?
I muſt be ſure; I could not elſe look on,
And ſee the Tyrant raviſh from my Soul
All it holds dear and precious.——
Rod. ——'Tis a patience
Extreamly hard to practice; nor could you
So well diſguiſe your thoughts, but that I fear'd,
The King, when he addreſt himſelf to you,
Wou'd have diſcover'd ſomething.——
Alm. ——'Twas moſt lucky
That he retir'd ſo ſoon; for I perceiv'd
Your Forehead glow, your eager Pulſe beat faſt,
And your full Breaſt ſwell at the harſh injunction.
Gen. By Heav'ns he mock'd me——"You, *Genſelaric*,
"Draw forth my Troops, and ſee the Pomp ſet off.
Yes, I will ſet it off; but in a manner
They little think of; now, by all my wrongs
It is a Noble thought: draw near, my Friends,
And ſwear on this good Sword to undertake
Whatever I deſire; nor ſhall the danger
Be yours alone, I'll ſhare in all the hazard,
And ſhoot the Gulf as well as you—— *Rod.* I ſwear
To execute whatever you command;
Nor Racks, nor Tortures ſhall deter me from it,
Or force the weighty Secret from my Boſom.
Alm. I ſwear the ſame.——

Gen.

Gen. —O! let me rivet you
For ever to my Breaſt, the trueſt Friends
That ever Man was bleſt with. Liſten both,
And to your Boſoms I'll impart a buſineſs
Would ſtartle any Courage leſs than yours.
I muſt enjoy *Eurione*, or die;
This Night, the Eve of all my deſtin'd Sorrows,
Shall make me bleſt, and revel in full Joys.
The Princeſs every Night, as I'm inform'd,
Walks ſingly forth, and in a lonely Arbour
Enjoys her private thoughts; the place I know;
Thither we'll haſte, and, ſhrouded from all eyes,
Expect her coming, ſeize the trembling Prey,
And rifle all the Treaſures of her Beauty:
Then if the Prince feaſts on her Sweets to Morrow,
He ſhall have but the leavings of my Riot.

Rod. Th' attempt is full of hazard; but to make
Our after-game more ſafe, take my Advice,
As a ſure means to free us from diſcovery.
Know you this Dagger?——

Gen. ——Yes, 'tis *Agilmond*'s,
Remarkable and known to all the Court.

Rod. As he went out he dropt it; in the Crowd
I ſtoop'd and took it up, but had no time
To give it him. Take it, and when your Sences
Are ſurfeited with Pleaſure, drop this Weapon
Near to the Raviſh'd Princeſs: this will be
Ten thouſand Witneſſes againſt the Prince,
To fix Suſpicion of the Deed on him.

Gen. 'Tis well contriv'd, nor can it fail to hit:
His long profeſs'd Averſion to this Marriage,
Though late he faintly gave a forc'd Aſſent,
Will make it paſs unqueſtion'd; and the Walks
That lead unto this Scene of killing Joy,
At ſuch late hours are barr'd from all our Sex,
Except the King and Prince. 'Tis fit we haſten,
That while the Paſs is open we may enter,
And lie conceal'd. Methinks I ſee already
Her dying Looks, her ſeeming faint Reſiſtance,
And feel the mighty Tranſports of hot Love!
Let but Succeſs on this bleſt Moment wait,
The reſt of Life I freely leave to Fate.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *a Chamber-Royal.*

Enter Agilmond *and* Amalazontha.

Agil. THe King is gone to Bed, the buſie Courtiers
All ſcatter'd and diſpers'd; but I in vain
Shou'd ſeek for reſt, till firſt I know what paſt
In your late Conference with *Eurione.*
Amal. I found her, *Agilmond,* (for I muſt yet
Give you that name) compos'd throughout of Sweetneſs;
And I ne'er wiſh'd more earneſtly you were
What you pretend to be, than for her ſake,
Who pants for you with all the modeſt warmth
Of Innocence and Love.——
Agil. ——Alas! I pity her.
Amal. When firſt I told her I muſt blaſt her hopes,
Something that look'd like Anger ſeem'd to riſe;
But as a Stranger, ſoon was baniſh'd thence,
And ſunk to humble Sorrow.——
Agil. ——'Twas a ſight
Wou'd have affected the moſt Savage heart,
To ſee ſuch mourning Virtue.——
Amal. ——Firſt, ſhe thought,
Or ſeem'd to think, that her ſmall Stock of Merit
Bred my diſlike of the intended Marriage;
But undeceiv'd in that, her jealous thoughts
Suggeſted to her ſtraight, that all your love
Was on *Valdaura* fix'd, her haughty Siſter.
Agil. And did not that opinion ſhock her temper?
For ſure ſhe has a Soul above her Sex,
If yet unmov'd by ſuch Aſſaults as theſe.
Amal. Still the ſame meekneſs, ſtill the ſame compoſure.
I told her then that ſhe was yet miſtaken;
And juſt as I was going to impart
The mighty Secret of your Sex, the King
Attended by your ſelf and all the Court,
Enter'd the Room, and hinder'd the Diſcovery.
Agil. 'Twas moſt unlucky. When I parted from you,
As you adviſ'd me, I found out the King,
Humbly implor'd his Pardon, and aſſur'd him
I was in all things ready to obey him:
He preſs'd me cloſe, commanded all to follow,
And led us ſtreight to you, and to *Eurione.*

Amal.

Amal. Late as it is, 'tis fit you ſee *Eurione*;
Diſcloſe your Secret to her, and inſtead
Of thoſe returns of Paſſion which ſhe looks for,
And which you cannot pay, offer ſuch Love
As tender Siſters to each other bear:
Tell her, the glorious Title of a Queen,
And all the dazling Pomp of Royalty
Are hers, if ſhe complies.——
Agil. ——Madam, I go.
This clear calm Night will tempt the Princeſs forth
To her lov'd Solitude; there I'll ſurpriſe her,
And to her private ear diſcloſe my Secret,
Soft Reſt attend your Majeſty.
[*Leads her to the Door, and Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *a Night-Piece of a Garden.*

Enter Genſelaric *diſguis'd, coming as out of an Arbour, and peeping about.*

I wonder that the Princeſs comes not yet;
'Tis paſt her uſual hour; and ſhou'd ſhe fail,
How miſerably wretched ſhould I be!
Fool that I was! like an unthrifty Gameſter,
To venture all my ſtock of Happineſs
On one uncertain chance! Hiſt, *Rodoric*, [*Enter* Rodoric *and* Almeric
And *Almeric!* diſcern you nothing yet? (*diſguiſed.*
Rod. Nothing. You need not whiſper ſo; there's not
A living Creature within hearing of you
Beſides our ſelves.——
Alm. ——The Court is gone to reſt.
The Windows all are darken'd, except one
That's in the Lodgings of the *Gothiſh* Queen;
And ſee, a light darts through the Gallery,
And ſeems to move this way.——
Gen. ——It is the Princeſs;
She's now undreſs'd, and comes to take her walk.
By Heav'ns, I ſee her yonder; quick, retire,
And when ſhe comes ſeize the attending Maid,
And ſtop her clamorous Throat; leave me alone
To grapple with the Princeſs. Oh! ye Gods!
How my full Veins ſwell, and my boiling Blood
Bubbles and foams, as it would break its Channels!
Sure my hot Flames will thaw her Ice, and melt
Her frozen Heart; whilſt rowling in her Snow,
I cool the raging burnings of my Feaver. [*Exeunt as into the Arbour.*

Enter

Enter Eurione *and* Merinda.

Eur. Methinks I have no mind to walk to night,
And yet an unſeen Pow'r conducts me on:
I ſtumbl'd at my entrance, and upon
My heavy Heart hangs a dead Weight of Sorrow.
Mer. Pardon me, Madam, if I blame this Sadneſs,
When Fortune ſeems to court you with freſh Honours,
And all your eager hopes are almoſt Crown'd.
Eur. Alas! my dear *Merinda*, Fortune's ſmiles
Are falſer than the Tears of wicked Women:
And though ſhe ſeems to promiſe fairly to me,
Yet my too truly boding Heart aſſures me
That I ſhall ne'er be happy. Fetch my Lute
To yonder Arbour, there I'll ſit a while,
And try if Muſick can compoſe my mind,
In which I nothing now but Diſcords find. [*Exit* Merinda.
Not all the Royal Favours of the King,
Nor *Agilmond*'s compliance with his Will,
Can bring me Comfort equal to thoſe Fears
Which the Queen's doubtful words inſpire me with.
Yet why ſhould I deſpair? perhaps the Queen
But dally'd with me; and that Scene of Sorrow
Was drawn, to make my coming Joys look greater.
I'll truſt my Fate: the Gods can never prove
Averſe to Chaſt Deſires, and Virtuous Love. [*Exit as into the Arbour.*

Enter Agilmond.

The ſolitude and ſilence of this Place,
Join'd with the native Horror of the Night,
Have fill'd my trembling Heart with doubts and terrours.
Alas! how ill ſuch Fears become this habit!
Ha! [*Shrieks within.*
What diſmal ſhriek was that? or was't my Fancy?
'Tis there again!—I dare not venture farther: [*Shrieks again.*
Yet more! defend me, Gods! and guard me forth
From this moſt diſmal place in Peace and Safety. [*Exit* Agilmond.

Enter Merinda *with a Lute.*

'Twas ſure the Prince I met, he ſeem'd in haſte
And diſcompos'd; this was the cauſe I find
Of ſending me to fetch her Inſtrument,
That ſhe might meet the Prince with greater liberty.

'Twas

'Twas well I came no ſooner; now he's gone,
I'll ſee if yet her mind be out of Tune. [*Exit as into the Arbour.*

The Scene draws, and diſcovers Eurione *in an Arbour, gagg'd and bound to a Tree, her hair diſhevel'd as newly Raviſh'd, a Dagger lying by her.*

Enter Merinda *with a Lute*

Mer. Madam, I've brought the Lute——Defend me, Heav'n!
What means this diſmal Viſion! O, my Princeſs!
What barb'rous Villain, black as Hell could make him!
Durſt bind thoſe lovely Arms? [*Unbinding her.*
O tell me, Madam,
What worſe than Devil durſt attempt yet farther,
For ſo the diſmal Scene too well informs me?
[Eurione *falls down,* Merinda *a chafing her.*

Enter Valdaura *in a Night-Gown.*

Val. It could not be a Dream; the mournful Accents
Of ſome diſtreſſed Creature pierc'd my Ears,
Like ſhrieks of Raviſh'd Virgins: and juſt now
Entring, I heard a Female Voice lamenting:
Who's that? *Merinda* weeping? Where's my Siſter?
Eur. Alas! here's ſhe that was *Eurione*;
Now ſhe is nothing but a loathſome Leproſie,
Which ſpread all o'er the *Gothiſh* Royal Blood,
Infects the Noble Race.——
Val. ——Alas, my Siſter, [*Kneeling by her.*
What killing words are theſe?——
Eur. ——Stand off, *Valdaura*,
And come not near me; I am contagious ſure,
And all chaſte hands will bliſter that but touch me.
Were all the Gods that ſuccour Innocence,
Deaf to my Cries, and blind to all my Wrongs?
That no relenting Power would ſend one Bolt
To ſtrike me dead, and ſave my Raviſh'd Honour?
Val. Ha! Raviſh'd ſaid you? Raviſh'd! name the Villain;
That my fierce Wrath, like an impetuous Torrent,
May overtake and hurry him to ruine,
Preventing the ſlow Vengeance of the Gods,
Tell me: but know you ſpeak not to *Valdaura*,
But to the Prince *Ambiomer*, your Brother,
For ſuch I am; and I will write my ſelf
Such in my fell Revenge. Now, name the Villain;
He lives too long already, by this Minute

That he is yet unknown.——
Eur. ——Alas! I know him not.
Diſguis'd he came, as if he hid his Face
From Night it ſelf; ſeiz'd like a Bird of Prey
His trembling Quarry; gagg'd and bound me faſt,
And then——Oh! let me die, and ſtifle ſo [*Sees the Dagger.*
The harſh remembrance!——Ha! what's this? a Dagger?
Bleſt be the Friendly Pow'rs that ſent me this
To heal my Griefs for ever. [*Going to ſtab her ſelf.*
Val. ——Hold, *Eurione*; [*Wreſting it from her.*
The Gods deſign'd not this for your Deſtruction,
But to diſcover who the Villain is,
And mark him for my Vengeance.——Is it poſſible? [*Looking on it.*
By all our Wrongs, it is the Prince's Dagger.
Is he the Raviſher? Can ſo much Villany
Lurk under ſuch a chaſt and modeſt ſemblance?
Mer. My Lord, I met the Prince; he ſeem'd diſorder'd,
And haſte and fear were in his Gate and Eyes:
But though I found the Princeſs newly Raviſh'd,
I could not think him guilty of the Fact,
Till this plain Evidence convinc'd me of it.
Eur. Was this a fit return for chaſt deſires,
And virtuous Love like mine?——
Val. ——Oh! the young Raviſher!
Here on my Knees I ſwear, upon this Dagger
(Which though a Villains, yet ſhall bind my Oath
As firmly as if Fate it ſelf had Seal'd it)
My thoughts ſhall never know a Moment's peace,
Till I have drench'd this Weapon in the Blood
That warms his luſtful Heart. *Merinda*, help,
Convey my Siſter in; and as her Chamber
We'll lay the Method of our juſt Revenge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Night-Piece of a Wood.*

Enter Genſelaric *and* Almeric.

Gen. Still I'm in pain for *Rodoric*, and dread
The fatal Conſequences of his ſtay.
Alm. The Ladder's breaking, caus'd by too much haſte,
Was (I confeſs) unlucky; but ſuppoſe
The worſt, that he is taken; all the Tortures
Invented by ingenious Cruelty,
Will never from his ſtedfaſt Faith extort
The ſmalleſt word to prejudice his Friend.
Gen. I neither doubt his Friendſhip, nor his Courage.
But oh! my *Almeric*, what mighty Tranſports
Am I indebted for to him and you!

Me-

Methought, in one ſhort moment I poſſeſs'd
The crowded joys of a long life's delight;
As if ſome friendly Power by Chimic Art,
Had drawn the Spirit of an Age's pleaſure,
Contracting all into that happy Minute
To make the Cordial rich.——

Alm. ——My Lord, your joys
Have made you wanton, but methinks 'tis ſtrange
That Pleaſure forc'd ſhou'd give ſuch vaſt delight.

Gen. I hate a tedious Siege, but love to Storm;
'Tis Soldier-like: [*Whiſtling within.*
But hark! I hear one whiſtle, anſwer him;
It muſt be *Rodoric*——And ſee he's here. [*Enter* Rodoric.
Welcome, my Friend, your fortunate eſcape
Quiets my mind, and makes my Joys ſit eaſie.

Rod. My Lord, your better Genius, I believe,
Contriv'd my ſtay; for by it I have made
Diſcov'ries of great weight.——

Gen. ——You are your ſelf
My better Genius, and direct my Fortunes
With as ſucceſsful care, and with a Pow'r
As abſolute as his. But ſay, my *Rodoric*,
What's the important Novelty?——

Rod. ——My Lord,
When diſappointed by the Ladder's breaking
Of coming off, I ſilently return'd
To my old private Covert, near the Scene
Of your late Joys, reſolving there to wait,
Till Fortune ſhould preſent me with a way
To leave it unobſerv'd: Scarce was I ſettled,
When firſt I found *Merinda* was return'd,
And mourning o'er her Miſtreſs: then, *Valdaura*
Alarmed by her Siſter's ſhrieks, arriv'd
With haſty ſteps——

Gen. ——'Tis true, ſhe ſtrugled ſo,
I could not get the Gag into her Mouth
So ſoon as I deſign'd it.——

Rod. ——But, my Lord,
That which ſurpriz'd me moſt, as 'twill do you,
Was, that the haughty Princeſs in her Tranſport
Of furious Rage to find her Siſter Raviſh'd,
Own'd that ſhe was the Prince *Ambiomer*,
And Son, not Daughter, to the *Gothiſh* Queen;
Her Sex (no doubt, for politick deſigns)
Thus long conceal'd.——

Gen. ——'Tis moſt amazing News:
And yet ('tis true) I often have obſerv'd,

And wonder'd at the Manly Air and Mein,
The haughty Carriage and reſolv'd Aſſurance,
Of the ſuppos'd *Valdaura*. This is he
Whom *Briomer* and all the *Gothiſh* Faction
Deſign'd their head: This Secret muſt be manag'd
With caution and diſcretion. But ſay, *Rodoric*,
What of the Prince's Dagger? was that found,
Or lay it there neglected?——

Rod. ——All your Stars
Have been at work for you to Night. The Princeſs
Found it by chance, and with a ſudden fury
Had plung'd it in her Breaſt, but that her Brother
Seiz'd and prevented her. Soon as he view'd it,
He knew its owner; and whilſt that was breeding
Suſpition of his Guilt; *Merinda* told them,
She met the Prince but juſt before, returning
With fear and great diſorder from the Garden.

Gen. 'Twas wondrous lucky. But what brought him thither
At that late hour?——

Rod. ——His ill, and your good Fate.

Alm. This ſure with t'other Circumſtance confirm'd them
He did the Fact.——

Rod. ——It put it paſt all doubt.
The Prince rav'd high, and made them all retire
With dreadful Imprecations of Revenge
Upon the luſtful *Agilmond*, for ſuch
His Errour ſtil'd him: Soon as they were gone,
Finding all ſtill and huſh'd, I ventur'd forth,
Mended my broken Ladder, and eſcap'd
Unſeen by any.——

Gen. ——Aſl this Night's Adventure
Has met with ſuch Succeſs, that it could ſcarce
Have happen'd better, had the Prince contriv'd
To be his own Betrayer. But the day
Begins to break; 'tis fit we all diſperſe,
And gain our ſeveral Lodgings. Worthy Friends,
Command whate'er is mine; 'tis all too little
For the vaſt Service of this happy Night. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE *a Chamber-Royal.*

Eurione *is diſcover'd lying on a Couch, her hair diſhevel'd (as before)* Merinda *weeping by her.*

SONG to a Lute and Flutes.

I.

BEneath a gloomy Cypreſs Grove,
Within a diſmal unfrequented Cave,
Sad, as the Manſions of deſpairing Love,
And dark and ſilent as the Grave,
The Raviſh'd Philomela *weeping lies,*
Chief Mourner at her Honours Obſequies.

II.

A living Herſe ſhe's ſtretch'd along,
Grief does her active Faculties benumb;
Had not the Luſtful Slave torn out her Tongue,
Her mighty Wrongs had ſtruck her dumb:
Yet thus her ſilent Wiſhes mount the Skie,
"Give me Revenge, ye Powers, or let me die.

Muſick to me! alas! 'tis loſt upon me
As ſoon it might divert a dying Wretch
That's ſtretch'd upon the Engine of his Torture.

Enter to her Rhadegonda, Valdaura, Briomer, Albiner, *and other* Goths.

Rhad. Behold, my Lords, the Ruines of your Princeſs!
See there the deſtin'd Bride of *Agilmond*,
Riſl'd of all her Sweets by his hot Luſt
That ſhould this day have wedded her. The ſtain,
Though chiefly ours, will yet reflect on you,
And brand the *Gothiſh* Nation with diſgrace,
Unleſs you vindicate her ſuffering Honour,
By taking ſharp Revenge. If ye are Slaves,
And would be ſo, bow down your ſervile Necks,
To cruel *Gunderic* and his luſtful Son,
And bring your Virgin Daughters to be Raviſh'd
By his voluptuous Race, as mine has been.
But if you bravely wiſh, as ſure you do,
To break your Chains, and right your injur'd Queen,

Behold

Behold this Prince, his ſlaughter'd Father's Image,
No longer now *Valdaura*, but *Ambiomer*,
Conſtrain'd theſe Sixteen Years to ſhroud his Sex,
And in a Female habit ſhun the Rage
Of cruel *Gunderic* that doom'd to Death
The Royal *Gothiſh* Males. He ſtands prepar'd
To lead you on to Honour and Renown,
To Liberty, and what's yet more, Revenge.

Brio. Curs'd be that Coward, that denies to follow
Where ſuch a Prince does lead: and doubly curs'd
Be he that ſhall refuſe to take Revenge
For ſo much injur'd Virtue! Royal Maſter, [*Kneeling.*
Permit your faithful Subject thus to tender
His vow'd Allegiance; and may young *Ambiomer*
In all reſemble his renowned Father,
But his untimely Fate.——

Alb. & Goths. ——We jointly wiſh,
And vow the ſame.——

Val. ——My Lords, I thank you all;
And ſhall endeavour by my future Actions
To fix your Love and Service, but muſt bluſh
To ſee the tenders of your Duty paid
To this effeminate outſide. Now 'tis fit
We ſhould conſult about the means and method
Of a ſecure Revenge. That *Agilmond*
Committed this foul Fact, the Proofs are pregnant;
His Dagger dropp'd, *Merinda* meeting him
In haſte and diſcompoſure.——

Brio. ——'Tis moſt ſtrange,
That he who was deſign'd this day to wed her,
Should be the guilty Raviſher.——

Val. ——Perhaps
He look'd upon her as his Father's Slave,
And ſcorn'd to wed ſo low; but he might ſafer
Have hugg'd a pois'nous Serpent in his Boſom,
Than ſuch a thought as that. Perhaps he meant
By this laſt deſp'rate Remedy to avoid
A Match he always ſhunn'd. 'Tis out of queſtion
He did the Fact; and our ſhort time calls on us,
Not to diſpute, but act: firſt let us ſeize him,
And when that's done, if he has ought to urge,
He ſhall have quiet hearing.——

Rhad. ——Sure his Guilt
Will keep him on his Guard, and make his Seizure
Almoſt impoſſible.——

Brio. ——Leave that to me:
The General, his Couſin's firmly ours;

And he by ſome Device ſhall train him out.
Beſides to cloak his Guilt, he will not fail
To make his Viſits early. This ſtrong Cittadel,
Where, Madam, you have kept your Royal Court,
Is under my Command, and firmly Guarded
By choſen faithful *Goths*. Here *Albimer*
Shall, whilſt you ſhift your Habit, and appear
Like what the Gods deſign'd you, guard your Majeſty.
Let me find out *Genſelaric*: I'll pawn
My Life, nay more, my Honour, that I'll bring
The Prince within two hours to your diſpoſal.

Val. We'll truſt your management, but be ſure you fail not;
For if you do, though next my Royal Mother
I hold you dear, by Heav'ns I'll take the Forfeiture.

[*Exeunt one way,* Briomer *the other way.*

SCENE *The Palace-Garden.*

Enter Agilmond.

My laſt Night's Fears unhappily prevented
My meeting with *Eurione*;
'Tis fit ſhe know the mighty Secret ſoon;
For ſince the great Affair with which I labour,
Has in ſuſpence hung doubtful, Sleep has been
A Stranger to my Eyes, and from my Breaſt
All quiet has been baniſh'd.—— [*Enter* Briomer.

Brio. ——Sure the General
Has ſome important buſineſs, that detains him
Abroad ſo long! he has all night been abſent,
Nor know I where to ſeek him.——Ha! the Prince!
Can ſo much Villany be ſhrouded under
So ſweet an outſide? ſure it cannot be;
He is abus'd; but that he may be clear'd,
He muſt endure a Tryal firſt.——My Lord,
I come, led by my Duty and Reſpect,
To wait your Highneſs to the Queen and Princeſs.

Agil. I was juſt going to the Cittadel,
Deſigning to ſurprize them. Lead me to them.

Brio. By all my Honours, he is innocent:
He could not elſe with ſuch an even Brow
Treat of a Subject, which, had he been guilty,
Had ſtung his Conſcious Heart.—— } *Aſide.*

Agil. ——Conduct me, *Briomer*;
I long to ſee the Princeſs. Grant, good Heaven,
That fair *Eurione* with pitying ears
May hear my fatal Story; and may all

Thoſe

Thoſe Pow'rs that of the Innocent take care,
Diſpoſe her to be good, as ſhe is fair. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Cittadel.*

Enter Ambiomer *in his own Habit*, Albimer, Gothiſh *Lords*, &c.

Amb. COuld my ſad Soul be ſenſible of Comfort
Whilſt wrong'd *Eurione* is unreveng'd;
This day, the whiteſt day of all my life,
Had brought me wondrous joy; in which I firſt
Appear to be what Nature made me, Man,
And what my Birth deſign'd me for, your King.
Albi. To make that joy ſincere and undiſturb'd
(In which, as in your Griefs, permit your Subjects
To bear a ſhare) let generous anger chaſe
All melancholly thoughts, and fix your eyes
On the near proſpect of a brave Revenge.
Amb. My Lord, you counſel well; let Women grieve,
Unable to take Vengeance; but for us,
We'll make us Cordials of our great Revenge,
To chear our ſinking Spirits. *Briomer*
Is wondrous ſlow; the time is almoſt laps'd,
And he not yet return'd.——
Albi. ——My Royal Lord,
Doubt not his Zeal; the great deſign he manages
Will, if th' attempt ſucceed, make large amends
For ſuch a ſmall delay.——
Amb. ——I am to blame
To cenſure him of ſlowneſs: 'tis not that,
'Tis the fierce motion of my eager wiſhes,
That leaves the ſwifteſt diligence behind,
Unable to keep pace.—— [*Enter a* Goth.
Goth. ——My Lord, the Prince
And *Briomer* are enter'd.——
Amb. ——For thy News
Take this: Draw up the Bridge, and on your lives
Let no Man have admittance. O, ye Gods,
I ſee that ye are juſt; and I your Subſtitute,
Will execute your Juſtice to the full
On this young Raviſher.—— [*He ſits, the reſt ſtand bare about him.*
Agil. ——Whither, my Lord, [*Enter* Agil. *and* Brio.
Have

Have you conducted me? I came to ſeek
The Queen and Princeſs, and you have led me
To faces that I know not.——
Amb. ——Seize the Villain, [*They ſeize and diſarm him.*
The luſtful Raviſher.——
Agil. ——Ha! what means this language?
And what this uſage? Luſtful Raviſher!
And Villain! do theſe execrable Names
Belong to me? How am I chang'd o'th' ſudden,
And grown a Monſter?——
Amb. ——Yes, a fouler Monſter
Than ever *Africk* bred.——
Agil. ——And what are you,
That dare ſo near my Royal Father's Palace
Thus uſe the Heir of mighty *Gunderic?*——
Amb. —I am
The *Vandal* Scourge, reſerv'd by Fate puniſh
Your bloody Father, and his luſtful Iſſue:
You knew *Valdaura* once, now know *Ambiomer*,
For both are one; the ſole ſurviving Son
Of *Rhadagaiſe* King of the *Goths*, and Brother
To wrong'd *Eurione*, or what's my Nobleſt Title,
Avenger of her Wrongs.——
Agil. ——This ſtrange diſcovery
May well create my wonder, not my fear:
I cannot think, you will be ſo unjuſt,
To execute Revenge for Wrongs receiv'd
Upon my Innocence.——
Amb. ——A Raviſher!
And yet plead Innocence!——
Agil. ——Again that Name?
Inſtruct me by what dire miſtake you brand me
With ſuch a hated Title.——
Amb. ——See the Hypocrite:
With what a ſeeming Ignorance he ſounds
My knowledge of his Guilt! Away with him,
I cannot bear his Preſence. *Albimer*,
Be ſure you guard him well: convey him ſtraight
To the ſad Queen, and to the Raviſh'd Princeſs;
Perhaps the ſight of ſuch a dreadful Ruin
As his hot Luſt has made, may wake his Conſcience,
And draw a free Confeſſion.——
Agil. ——Ha! what ſaid he?
The Princeſs Raviſh'd! Could the Gods look on,
And unconcern'd ſee ſo much Goodneſs ſuffer?
Nay, then I wonder not that they can ſee
My feebler Virtue wrong'd.—— [*He is led off by* Albimer *guarded.*

Amb. ——But that the Proofs
Which make his Guilt apparent, are too ſtrong
To leave a place for doubt, I ſhould my ſelf
Be ſhock'd to ſee his carriage: But he knows
His life's at ſtake, and therefore 'tis not ſtrange
He acts his part ſo well.——
Brio. ——My Royal Maſter,
Thus low I beg you would compoſe your thoughts,
And hear your Servant ſpeak.——
Amb. ——Speak on, my Lord,
My mind is calm, and I prepar'd to hear you.
Brio. Let me not meet your Anger, when I tell you,
I judge the Prince is innocent: Reſtrain
Your Paſſion, Royal Sir, and hear my Reaſons.
The courſe of all his former life, renown'd
For Modeſty and Virtue; his late coming
Unforc'd, unſent for; his ſurpriſe and wonder
To hear that ſhe was Raviſh'd; all theſe join'd,
Perſwade me to conclude that he's not guilty
Of this moſt horrid Fact.——
Amb. ——I muſt confeſs
They carry wondrous weight: but ſure thoſe Proofs
Which fix the Guilt upon him, have no leſs.
But yet, my Lord, ſuch is my Zeal for Juſtice,
I'll weigh things nicely, e'er I paſs a Sentence
That cannot be recall'd; for as I wiſh
To take juſt Vengeance for my Siſter's Wrongs;
So Heav'n forbid that Innocence ſhould ſuffer
By my miſtaken Rage.——
Brio. ——Now Bleſſings on you,
Such was your Father's temper. Give me leave
Humbly to offer ſomething of Advice,
To try the Prince's Guilt; propoſe to him
This fatal choice, to marry her or die:
If he be guilty, ſince he knows his life
Is in your free diſpoſal, he will yield
To ranſom that by wedding her; if not,
His Royal Blood will prompt him to endure
Ten thouſand Deaths, rather than marry one
That's Raviſh'd by another: make this Tryal,
And as you find him Innocent or Guilty,
Abſolve, or elſe Condemn him: for my ſelf,
My jealous doubts bend all another way,
But they are yet too young; when they grow riper,
I beg that to your Royal Ear I may
Impart my knowledge of them.——
Agil. ——With full freedom.

'Tis

'Tis fit, in the mean time, we all prepare
To meet the rage of cruel *Gunderic*.
My Lord, how is this Cittadel provided?
Brio. So well, that it will mock the vain attempts
Of all the Tyrant's Forces, till our Levies
Are gather'd to an head, and strong enough
For us to take the Field. For underhand
We have been working long, and Warlike *Vinderic*
Will not be slow to join us.
Amb. ——I dare rely
On your known Faith, and long Experience.
Now, *Gunderic*, sit fast, or I will join
Thy Crown to that which thou Usurp'st of mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Anti-Chamber.*

A Consort of Martial Musick is heard for some time. Then Enter Gunderic, Amalazontha, Genselaric, Ferrismond, Rodoric, Almeric, *Guards and Attendants.*

Gund. This day the *Goths* to my Victorious Sword
Gave up their long kept Freedom; and this day
Shall give them back the Liberty they lost;
Whilst all distinctions shall be blotted out
Of Victor and of Vanquish'd; *Agilmond*
Our pledge of Love, and theirs, *Eurione*,
Shall bind the Faith of Nations, and unite
Millions of Souls in Bonds of Love and Friendship.
Methinks I see their Valiant Offspring Reign
O'er half the Conquer'd Universe! whilst from
Their Mother's Line they Courage draw, from his
Both Courage and Success.——
Gen. ——He little thinks
How vain and barren all these hopes must prove. [*Aside.*
Gund. Where is the Prince, the *Gothish* Queen and Princesses?
Methinks e'er now their Presence should have grac'd
The destin'd Triumph of this happy Day.
Amal. The Prince long since, as eager Bridegrooms use,
Went with Lord *Briomer* to the Cittadel,
To attend his lovely Bride.
Gund. 'Tis well: whilst we expect them, let us try
To make the lazie Minutes pass more pleasantly [*A Dance to Hoboys, Kittle-Drums, and Trumpets. After the Entertainment, enter a* Vandal.
Vand. Forgive me, Royal Sir, if I declare
Such News as will astonish and enrage you
Beyond what you have ever heard.——
Gund. ——What means

This moſt amazing Preface to your Story?
Vand. Dread Sir, I ſhould not dare to utter it,
But that it can no longer be conceal'd.
Gund. Think'ſt thou my Virtue is ſo much declin'd,
I cannot ſtand the Shock of any Tidings
Which thou haſt heart to bear?——
Vand. ——My Royal Maſter,
Prince *Agilmond*——
Gund. ——What is he dead?——
Vand. ——Not ſo,
But you will be as much ſurpriz'd with wonder,
To hear that he is Seiz'd, Confin'd, and Guarded
Within the Cittadel.——
Gund. ——The Prince Confin'd,
And Seiz'd! Remove the Madman from me.
——! Would I were mad, or any thing, or nothing,
Vand. ——th,——
So this were not a truth.
Gund. ——One wiſh thou haſt,
For mad thou art——A Guard upon the Prince!
Within the Cittadel! I'th' heart of all my Strength!
Vand. When you ſhall know by whom he is impriſon'd——
Gund. Impriſon'd! in the middle of my Guards!
By whom? There is no Mortal dares attempt
What thou relat'ſt. But ſpeak what thou art full of;
I am content a while to hear thee rave.
By whom?——
Vand. ——By young *Ambiomer.*——
Gund. ——Madder ſtill!
What Phantome is this young *Ambiomer!*
Vand. He is the *Gothiſh* Prince.——
Gund. ——Furies and Hell!
How dar'ſt thou trifle thus with me?——
Amal. ——What Prince?
Vand. Th' Heir Male to the late *Gothiſh* King.——
Gund. ——Traitor,
I'll nail thee to the Earth——
Amal. ——Hold, Royal Sir.
Vand. I wiſh my Death might cauſe that Peace within
Your Royal Breaſt, which I muſt baniſh thence.
Gund. A *Gothiſh* Prince! whence dropt he? from the Clouds?
Or is the Muſhroom ſprung up in a night?
Vand. The late ſuppos'd *Valdaura* is declar'd
Ambiomer, th' Heir Male to *Rhadagaiſe.*
Gund. What wondrous transformation doſt thou talk of?
Valdaura turn'd into *Ambiomer!*
Amal. A moſt ſurprizing Secret! as important
As that I've kept ſo long.—— [*Aſide.*
Gund. ——But that I know
Thou

Thou ever haſt been held diſcreet and honeſt,
Thy Life had been a forfeit to my Rage.
Vand. And let it ſtill be ſo if what I ſay
Prove in one tittle falſe.— [*The King muſes.*
Gen. —Now *Briomer's* [*To* Rod. *and* Alm.
Great Secret is diſclos'd, the next is mine;
But though he finds the *Gothiſh* Prince, he ne'er
Shall find the Raviſher.——
Rod. ———He ſooner ſhall
Reach up to Heav'n.——
Alm. ———Or fathom Hell.———
Gund. ———Indeed,
Valdaura ſtill appear'd too rough and haughty
For that ſoft Sex; her Spirit ſeem'd to threaten
Something above a Woman's heart.———
Amal. ——'Tis true. [*Aſide.*]
How often has my watchful Genius
Prompted my Soul, to what my fooliſh Mercy
Rejected then as cruel: Had I follow'd
That faithful Councellour, ſhe long ago
Had periſh'd as *Valdaura*, and not liv'd
To act *Ambiomer.*——
——Well ſuppoſe this were [*To them.*
The *Gothiſh* Heir; why ſhould they chuſe this time
To broach the mighty Secret? By this Match
Their Party ev'ry day and hour had gain'd
New Strength and Vigour; and their doubtful Game
Might have been play'd with greater hopes of winning.
Vand. The cauſe of ſuch a quick diſcovery
Is yet behind, and 'tis a diſmal part
Of my too dreadful Story. Fair *Eurione*,
Deſtin'd this day for *Agilmond*, laſt night
Was in her private walk ſurpriz'd, and riff'd
Of all her Virgin Treaſure.———
Gund. ———Ha! what Raviſh'd!
Vand. It is too true.——
Gund. ——Oh horrid Villany!
What Helliſh Furies have been buſie here
To fill Mankind with Rage beyond their own?
Amal. Ah, ſweet *Eurione!* my Heart weeps Tears
Of Blood for thee.——
Gund. Juſt Gods, could ye behold
So vile a Crime, and keep your Thunder in?
But your Vicegerent ſhall perform the part
You have reſerv'd for him. By you I ſwear,
Let me but know the Fiend, and he ſhall live
Whole years in Torment, roaring out for Death.

But what's all this to *Agilmond*'s Confinement?
Vand. There are ſo many pregnant Circumſtances,
To fix the Guilt of this upon the Prince,
As caus'd his Seizure; and the ſudden Publiſhing
Of what their Prudence longer had conceal'd,
But for this ſad Conjuncture.——
Amal. ——How! the Prince!
Believe him not; 'tis all Impoſture, Sir.
My Son! my *Agilmond!* It is impoſſible:
She was to be his Bride.——
Gund. ——'Tis true, ſhe was;
Nor could he have ſo furious a Paſſion,
Where he had ſhewn ſo much averſion ſtill,
That I with greateſt difficulty wrought him
To a conſent of Marriage.——
Amal. ——You have reaſon.
Vand. The Gods can witneſs what I ſay is true.
Gund. Perhaps he ſcorn'd to make a Captive Princeſs
The Partner of his Bed; yet he's not proud.
Perhaps his hatred to her made him find
This only way to break the Marriage off.
Amal. Can you ſuſpect ſuch wicked Subtlety
Shou'd dwell with ſo much Youth and Innocence.
Gund. My thoughts are in a miſt, I am confounded;
'Tis time muſt clear up all. But for the new
Ambiomer, and his Confederate Rebels,
My ſwifteſt Vengeance ſhall o'ertake their fault.
Shall *Gunderic* endure to be out-brav'd
By a ſmooth Boy that ſcarce knows how to act
The Manly part his fear ſo long conceal'd?
Then let my numerous Conqueſts be forgotten,
And my vaſt Fame ſhrink to the baſeſt Titles
Of Slave and Coward. Let us face the Traitors;
We'll not allow them time to hatch new Treaſons,
But cruſh them in the Shell. *Genſelaric*,
Get my old Troops together: *Ferriſmond*,
Draw out the Guards: you *Rodoric* and *Almeric*,
Go raiſe the City-Bands, and lead them hither.
By Heav'n! I'll ſee if this *Ambiomer*
Have ought that's worthy of his Valiant Father.
Make haſte, my Lords, we'll gain the Cittadel
E're night, or bury it and them in Ruins.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Cittadel.*

Enter Ambiomer, Rhadegonda, Briomer, Albimer, Gothiſh *Lords, &c.*

Amb. Though all our preſent hopes ſeem ſmall and cramp'd
Within theſe narrow Walls, yet know, my Lords,
The mightieſt Empires had the ſame beginning:
Imperial *Rome* her ſelf in one poor Hamlet
Took her firſt riſe, and from that ſingle ſpot
O'er-ran the Conquer'd World.——
Brio. ——If Hearts as good,
And a much better Cauſe than theirs, can promiſe
Equal Succeſs; we need not doubt but Fate
Will give to our juſt Arms as ample Progreſs.
Rhad. The Valiant *Vinderic*, who for thirty years
Succeſsfully did fight your Father's Battles,
Though ſilver'd o'er with Age. yet tempts again
War's doubtful hazard: and to aſſiſt your Cauſe,
Before to Morrow's Sun has touch'd the Weſt,
Will at the head of thirty thouſand *Goths*
Come to receive your Orders.——
Amb. ——His Arrival
Will make us ſtrong enough to quit this Fortreſs
And take the Field. Gods! how I long to meet
The haughty *Vandal!* and with equal Arms
Retrieve th' immortal Honour of our Name,
Loſt by my ſlaughter'd Father! *Albimer*,
How fares the Captive Prince! does the young Lion
Struggle, and bite his Chain?——
Alb. ——My Lord, he bears it
With as much calmneſs, as the Soul endures
The Priſon of the Body: he expreſſes
Some Sorrow, but no Anger.——
Amb. ——When you carry'd him
To ſee the Raviſh'd Princeſs, could he brook
The ſight of her unmov'd?——
Rhad. ——Let me reſolve you,
For I was preſent then. Soon as he enter'd
And view'd her in her ſolemn Pomp of Grief,
He melted into tears; but when he heard us
Reproach him as the Author of her Ruine,
Unable to reply, he deeply ſigh'd,
And fainted in the Arms of *Albimer*:
When, by his care reviv'd, he round him caſt
A wild, diſorder'd look, then fix'd his eyes

Upon

Upon *Eurione*, and ſoftly told her,
He never had the Will, and had he that,
He wanted Pow'r to wrong her; there he ſtop'd,
And ſtruggled with himſelf, as if he labour'd
With ſomething fit for us to know, and yet
Unfit for him to tell.——

Amb. ——His inward guilt
Then ſtuck him to the quick, and prompted him
To make a free Diſcovery; but the danger
Which threaten'd that proceeding, ſtifled it,
And kept him ſilent ſtill.——

Rhad. ——If he be guilty,
(As I can neither yet condemn nor quit him)
Never did any Guilt wear ſuch a Mask
Of well-diſſembled Innocence.—— [*Enter a* Goth.

Goth. ——My Lord,
The Captain of the Guards, ſent by the King,
Deſires admittance.——

Amb. ——Let him have it. *Briomer*,
Conduct him in: Now, Madam, we ſhall hear
How *Gunderic* reſents our bold Attempt:
I know it grates his haughty Soul, to find
A Rival Prince, that dares affront and brave him
Juſt at his Palace Gates.— [*Enter* Ferriſmond *and* Briomer.

Fer. ——My Royal Maſter,
Not knowing yet which 'tis more fit to call
The new-found Prince, *Valdaura* or *Ambiomer*,
Commands me, Madam, to demand of you, [*To* Rhad.
Why on this ſolemn day, deſign'd to make
You and your Nation happy, you attempt
To fruſtrate and abuſe his good intentions;
To ſeize the Sacred Perſon of his Son;
Shut up his Royal Cittadel; diſturb
The common Peace; and with rebellious Arms
Provoke the Indignation of a Prince,
Who ſixteen years has nouriſh'd you and yours
With tenderneſs and love?——

Amb. ——Yes as a Guardian,
That flaunts and revels with his Ward's Eſtate,
But keeps him bare and ſcanty. Royal Madam,
Permit me, if you pleaſe, to give an Anſwer
To this ſo lofty Meſſage. Tell your Maſter,
My ſlaughter'd Father, and my raviſh'd Siſter,
Call both for juſt Revenge; the one on him,
The other on his Son: My Royal Birth,
And *Rhadagaiſe*'s Great Example, prompt me
Rather to dye a King, than live a Slave:

This

This Fatal Day, which bluſhes to ſet off
The yearly Pride of *Gunderic*, calls on me
To reſcue it from ſuch a ſhameful Office,
And make it ſhine again in *Gothiſh* Annals
Stamp'd with the glorious Mark of Regain'd Liberty.
Fer. For fair *Eurione*'s lamented Fate,
My King vies Sorrow with you; and engages
His Royal Word, to puniſh that Offence,
Where-ever prov'd, tho' on the Prince himſelf;
With utmoſt rigour; this his love to Juſtice,
And pity of her injur'd Innocence,
Oblige him to perform. —For you, my Lord,
And thoſe whom your Example or Perſwaſions
Have in your Guilt involv'd, thus he ordains,
Give up the Cittadel, and jointly try
With humble Duty to appeaſe his Anger,
And he'll impute this raſh and heedleſs Action
To Heat of Youth, and to the ſudden Paſſion
Caus'd by your Siſter's Wrongs. If you refuſe,
He comes prepar'd to force you to Obedience,
And cruſh you with his Vengeance.——
Amb. ——Sure he thinks
I am *Valdaura* ſtill; and that my Soul
Is of the Female Stamp; he would not elſe
Propoſe ſuch ſervile Terms, as feeble Women
Would almoſt bluſh to ſtoop to. Let him not
Deſpiſe me, that ſome years my Manly Limbs
Were clad in Female Weeds; ſo was *Achilles*,
And from leſs glorious Motives. Tell your Maſter,
Ambiomer will ne're ſubmit the Cauſe
Of his wrong'd Siſter to ſuch partial Juſtice,
But will himſelf Examine and Revenge it:
Say, I was born a King, and ſcorn to dye
With any meaner Title: For his Threats
I heed them as I ought; when e'er he dares
Attempt our Strength, we dare oppoſe his Fury,
And with Superiour Force and Valour break
His weak Efforts. Return this Anſwer to him.
Fer. Since you refuſe to taſte his Royal Clemency,
Prepare to meet his Vengeance.—— [*Ex.* Ferriſm. *and* Briom.
Amb. ——Wait him forth.
My Lords, we muſt expect to be aſſail'd,
And ſpeedily; the Rage of *Gunderic*
Will, like a ſudden Whirl-wind, drive him hither:
Prepare to give the rugged Viſitant
Such Entertainment as his Viſit merits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Chamber in the Cittadel.*

Enter Agilmond.

Agil. Death, which at diſtance ſeems ſo terrible,
View'd nearer looks leſs dreadful; and to me
Has in it more to be deſir'd than fear'd:
But to be Executed as a Raviſher,
Is ſomething worſe than death, 'tis death of Fame:
Yet even that Fate carries this Comfort with it,
The fatal Secret of my Sex dies with me,
And leaves the Queen in ſafety. Tho' I cannot
Be ſo unjuſt to my own Innocence,
To own ſo black a Guilt; yet ſince my death
Secures my Royal Mother, I'll ſuppreſs
The certain Means to clear me, and ſubmit
To what the Gods and Fate have order'd for me.

Enter Ambiomer.

Amb. See! there he ſtands, calm and compos'd; nor does
One line in all that lovely Face, denote him
Luſtful or Raviſher: When-e're I ſee him,
Something within me ſtrongly pleads, and tells me
He muſt be innocent. If he be guilty,
The Gods themſelves are faulty too, in giving him
So foul a Heart, and ſuch a Face to hide it.
I muſt not let him know how much my thoughts
Are chang'd in favour of him. Solitude [*To him.*
And cloſe Retirement often hold the Glaſs
To guilty Minds, and make them ſee their Faults
In their true ugly Colours; have they had
The ſame effect on you?——
Agil. ——A guilty Solitude
May have Effects like theſe; but Innocence
Is always beſt, when ſuffer'd to enjoy
The proſpect of it ſelf.——
Amb. ——Then you ſtill ſtand
Upon your firſt Defence?——
Agil. ——I cannot alter:
Falſehood is almoſt infinite, but Truth
Is ſtill the ſame.——
Amb. ——So very willingly
I would believe him, that I ſcarce can urge [*Aſide.*
A Reaſon to diſprove him. What occaſion [*To him.*
Led you ſo late into the Palace Walks,

And

And brought you back ſo haſtily?———
Agil. ———Deſire
To meet the lovely Princeſs led me thither;
And, tho I bluſh to own it, 'twas my Fear
That brought me back ſo ſoon.———
Amb. ———Your Fear! of what?
Agil. I thought, as I advanc'd, I heard ſome ſhrieks,
Which robb'd the Night of all its former ſtillneſs,
And gave it greater horrour: Much amaz'd,
I durſt not venture on, but ſoon return'd
Without one Moment's ſtay.———
Amb. ———This free account [*Aſide.*
Looks ſo like Truth, I cannot disbelieve it.
This is your Dagger, yeſternight you drop'd it; [*To him.*
Can you remember where?———
Agil. ———Nor where, nor when:
Only thus much I know, I miſt it firſt
When from your Royal Mother I retir'd
With *Gunderic.*———
Amb. ———Now on a Prince's Word,
Which ought to be as ſacred as the Oaths
Of Vulgar Souls, anſwer me truly; did you
Then miſs your Dagger when you ſay, nor had it
In your poſſeſſion ſince?———
Agil. ———By all my Hopes
Of Happineſs, I never view'd it ſince,
Till you produc'd it now.———
Amb. ———My Lord, your words
Have ſtagger'd my Belief, and make me doubt
I have been led by falſe Appearances:
But till I'm more reſolv'd, I muſt detain you
A Priſoner ſtill: If you are Innocent,
That Knowledge will compoſe and calm your thoughts.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods, we ſeldom find
A juſt Reſemblance of the Face and Mind!
Could we but read the Hearts of Men, like you,
What God-like Juſtice might we Monarchs do!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

SCENE *a Chamber-Royal.*

Enter Gunderic *and* Amalazontha.

Gund. THat Love by which you urge me to a grant,
Denies your ſtrange requeſt; Why ſhould you tempt
Unneceſſary hazards? your ſoft Sex,
In ſafety plac'd, ſhould leave to us the dangers
And drudgery of War.——
Amal. ——There is no danger:
Or were it ne'er ſo great, I ought to ſhare it
As well as your Succeſs; beſides, my *Agilmond*
Is now at ſtake; and every doubtful minute,
By leaving me uncertain of his Fate,
Will give me many Deaths.——
Gund. ——You ſhall o'ercome:
But leſt ſome fatal Dart ſhould rob me of you,
I'll once more offer Mercy, and my ſelf
In Perſon treat with them.—— [*Enter* Ferriſmond.
Fer. —My Lord, your Forces
Are all drawn up, and wait for your Commands.
Gund. Let them advance, and tell them, *Ferriſmond*,
My Queen and I will head them. This raſh Boy [*Exit* Ferriſmond.
Has by this vain Attempt giv'n me fair warning
To make ſure work; and I with little pains
May quaſh this young Rebellion.— [*Enter a* Vandal.
Vandal. —Pardon, Sir,
The luckleſs Bearer of unwelcome news:
Old *Vinderic*, the *Gothiſh* General,
Is at the head of thirty thouſand Rebels
Advancing hither.——
Gund. ——Then we ſhall have work
More tough than I expected. How near are they?
Vandal. Laſt Night they quarter'd ſeven Leagues off, to Morrow
Expect to ſee them here.——
Gund. ——I'm ſatisfi'd;
We ſhall have time enough to finiſh here
Before they can arrive. O *Agilmond*,
Thy Guilt, if prov'd, will more diſtract my Soul,
Than the united Force of all my Enemies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the Cittadel.*

Enter Ambiomer, Briomer, Albimer, Gothiſh *Lords, &c.*

Amb. Though long Experience join'd with daring Valour,
Are met in *Gunderic*, to make up an Enemy
Too great to be deſpis'd; yet your known Courage,
And our juſt Cauſe do give me full Aſſurance
Of wiſh'd Succeſs: I feel an inward joy,
Which tells me this important Day will crown
Our forward hopes with vaſt Advantages.
Brio. May all thoſe hopes prove true! or only fail
In promiſing leſs than your Fate performs!
Amb. My Lord, I thank you: *Gunderic*, I hear,
Whoſe fiery temper hates the dull delay
Of formally Beſieging, has reſolv'd
To carry us by Storm; we muſt prepare
To give him a ſharp welcome. Hark! his Drums!
He's advancing towards us; let us all
Attend our ſeveral Charges. Come, my Lords,
Now let us ſhew the ancient *Gothiſh* Courage,
Which made the *Romans* tremble. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A large Space before the Cittadel. Drums beat a March.*

Enter Gunderic, Amalazontha, Genſelaric, Ferriſmond, Rodoric, Almeric, *&c.*

Gund. Though with our Arms in Hand 'tis much below us
To treat with Rebels, yet ſince you, my Queen
May be expos'd to ſome unlucky Arrow,
We'll condeſcend to parly. Let our Drums
Declare our pleaſure to them.—— [*Drums beat a Parly, then* Ambiomer, Briomer, *&c. appear on the Walls.*
——Which is he
You call *Ambiomer*, the new-found Prince?
Amb. I am *Ambiomer*, King of the *Goths*,
And rightful Owner of thoſe large Dominions
Poſſeſs'd by *Rhadagaiſe*, my Royal Father.
Gund. To me he loſt them; by this Arm he fell,
And with him fell his Kingdom.——
Amb. ——You then claim
By right of Conqueſt only; and if I
By Strength of Arms can pluck that Title from you,

The

The right again is mine.——

Gund. ——O! never hope it:
As ſoon you may from the avenging Pow'rs
Snatch their dread Bolts of Fury, as from me,
That which my Sword made mine. But liſten now
To what my Pity of your Youth inclines me.
So well I love the Brave, that though this Action
Does ſavour more of Raſhneſs, or Deſpair,
Than prudent Valour; yet, releaſe the Prince,
Give up the Fortreſs, and return again
To your forſaken Duty, and your Fault
Shall die forgotten, like an idle Dream
That paſs'd unheeded by.——

Amb. ——Such Dreams as theſe
Carry vaſt moment with them, and oft-times
Portend the fall of Monarchs. Think not, *Gunderic*,
That this attempt is like a ſhort-liv'd Blaze
That dies as ſoon as kindl'd: no, the Juſtice
On which our Cauſe is built, though we ſhould periſh,
Would from the midſt of your own Subjects raiſe
Some Valiant Spirit to redreſs our Wrongs,
And bravely ſtrike to right a Raviſh'd Virgin.

Gund. Be witneſs for me, Gods, how much I loath
A Villany like that! How much my Heart
Deplores with Tears of Blood the Virtuous Princeſs!
And if the Prince be Guilty, not your ſelf
Should run more greedily to juſt Revenge
Than I; no more I'll own him for my Son,
But blot him from my Memory for ever,
And give him up to Juſtice.——

Amb. ——'Tis not ſafe
To venture ſo the Honour of our Race
Upon the partial Juſtice of a Father:
The ſoundeſt Proofs againſt ſo ſtrong a Prejudice
Will weigh but little.——

Gund. ——How have I deſcended
Below my ſelf, to bandy words with Rebels,
And in return, meet nothing but Contempt!
But I will rowze my ſleeping Majeſty,
And ſpeak in Thunder to them.——Hear me you
That try beneath the Prince to ſhroud the Traitor,
Hear what your King commands. Deliver up
The Fortreſs ſtraight, and with a quick Submiſſion
Implore the Pardon you ſo proudly ſlighted,
Or the Revenge which I will take, ſhall ſtand
To after times exemplary and dreadful.

Amb. Threats cannot frighten Men: now hear me, *Gunderic*.

Not

Not that I doubt the Iſſue, or deſpair
Of wiſh'd Succeſs; but that I may not leave
To chance, a thing of ſuch vaſt conſequence
As is our Houſe's Honour, which would ſuffer
In wanting juſt Revenge; ſoon as your Forces
Attempt our Strengths, the Head of *Agilmond*,
Reeking with Blood, ſhall be thrown over to you:
And the firſt hour of your Aſſault ſhall be
His laſt of Life.——
Amal. ——The Head of *Agilmond!* } *Aſide.*
Forbid it, Heav'n! rather let me diſcloſe,
With hazard of my Life, the fatal Secret
Which has ſo long lain hid!——
Gund. ——You dare not act
What you would ſeem to threaten.——
Amb. ——Let my daring
Be put to tryal, and you ſoon will find
How much I dare, or little.——
Gund. ——Now, by Heav'ns,
He mocks my Anger, the inſulting Boy!
And dallies with my Rage. But let me live
Branded with the baſe Names of Slave and Coward,
If any tame reſults of Blood or Nature
With-hold my juſt Revenge. *Genſelaric*,
Begin th' Aſſault. Periſh ten thouſand Sons,
Rather than I'll endure Affronts like theſe:
Though *Agilmond* ſhould fall, my Noble Vengeance
Shall, like another Son, keep up my Fame,
And make my Name Immortal.— [*Is going*, Amalazontha *holds him.*
Amal. ——Stay! O ſtay!
My Royal Husband; and before you go
To this moſt fatal Conflict, give one Moment
To the ſad Tranſports of a mourning Mother:
And you *Ambiomer*, attend a while,
For I have mighty Wonders to diſcloſe.
Gund. What means the Woman? Can you have ought to ſay
That may at ſuch a time as this be worth
One Moment's ſtop?——
Amal. ——Yes, my lov'd Lord, I have. [*Kneeling.*
But firſt unbend your Brow, whilſt on my Knees
I humbly beg your Pardon, that I durſt
Thus long deceive you: *Agilmond* is not
What he appears, nor could commit a Rape
On fair *Eurione*.——
Gund. ——You ſpeak in Riddles;
Explain your myſtick meaning, and diſpatch us.
Amal. Let me not loſe your Love for ever, when

I tell you he's a Woman.——
Gund. ——Ha! a Woman!
Amb. Ye Gods! can this be true?——
Amal. ——Put off your wonder,
Whilſt I unfold the mighty Myſtery.
When you, my Lord, went to the *Gothiſh* War,
You left me pregnant;
And your impatient wiſhes for a Son
Forc'd out a Solemn Vow, that if my Iſſue
Prov'd Female, it ſhould die.——
Gund. ——'Tis true, I did ſo;
And though the Vow was raſh, yet being made,
I had not fail'd to keep it.——
Amal. ——Too well I know it;
And therefore many doubtful Conflicts paſs'd
'Twixt a Wife's Duty, and a Mother's tenderneſs:
Nature at laſt o'recame, and made me venture
What moſt I fear'd, your Anger, nay, your Hatred,
To ſave a harmleſs Babe. My time drew near;
And I, aſſiſted by two faithful Servants,
Diſpos'd all things with privacy and care
To favour the deceit: My pangs were ſhort,
And ſoon rewarded with the happy Birth
Of a moſt lovely Child, but as my fears
Too truly had ſuggeſted, of that Sex
Which you had doom'd to Death. I then reſolv'd
To put in practice what I long deſign'd,
And bred it as a Male.——
Gund. ——'Tis wondrous ſtrange!
How could you blind the piercing eyes of thoſe
Whom I at my departure had appointed
To pry into its Sex?——
Amal. ——A new born Male
Was by my Faithful Confidents prepar'd;
Which hid within the Bed, and drawn from thence,
Confirm'd them all that I had born a Son:
My Infant Daughter was for ſome few Weeks,
Under pretence of Sickneſs, bred in private;
And for her real Name of *Eliſmonda*,
Took that of *Agilmond*.——
Gund. ——The ſtrange Events
Of this amazing day have been ſo wonderful,
Methinks I ſtand prepar'd to credit firmly
The moſt unlikely News. 'Tis you, ye Gods,
Whoſe over-ruling Providence contriv'd
This Maze of Fate! and Kings, though Gods on Earth
Muſt not conteſt with you! Nor have I loſt

By this Exchange; ſince for a Son, whoſe weakneſs
Has often made me bluſh, I gain a Daughter
Well worth the owning. Madam, riſe; and let
This ſtrict Embrace attone for all the troubles
Which my raſh Vow has caus'd you.——
Amal. ——Let me thus [*Kneeling again.*
Receive the mighty Bleſſing.——
Gund. ——Now, *Ambiomer*,
You ſee the raſh Miſtakes to which your Paſſion
Has led you Blindfold: *Agilmond*, you find,
Cannot be guilty of that horrid Rape
Of which he ſtands accus'd.——
Amb. ——My Lord, I know it;
And 'tis with wondrous ſhame that I reflect
On the unworthy treatment I have given
That injur'd Princeſs: But it is not yet
Too late to make amends, and my Repentance
Shall move with winged haſte. Madam, I go
To ſend you that lov'd Daughter, which has been
So much the Care of Heav'n. But oh! my Siſter!
Where ſhall we find the Luſtful Villain now,
That robb'd thee of thy Honour?——
Gund. ——Stay, *Ambiomer*,
And hear me ſpeak; I ſee ſo much of Honour
Break through your gaſts of Paſſion, that at once
I pity and eſteem you; and to ſhew it,
Invite you to come forth: On a King's Word,
(And he who truſts my Honour, never ſhall
Have reaſon to repent him) you ſhall meet
With Honourable Uſage. Fate and I
Have mighty things in ſtore for your advantage,
Unleſs your own Diſtruſt of both defeat them.
Brio. Conſider, Sir, e'er you conſent too eaſily,
That the whole Fortune of the *Gothiſh* Nation
Depends upon your Conduct. *Amb.* I will anſwer
For the Succeſs of what I now deſign:
I ſee his aim, nor will I doubt his Honour.
My Lord, I am reſolv'd to truſt your Honour,
And wait the Princeſs home: But firſt be pleas'd
To draw your Forces off, that my Surrender
May have no ſhew of Fear.——
Gund. ——*Genſelaric*,
Conduct them off; come, my *Amalazontha*,
The Triumphs which were deſtin'd for this day
Shall yet go on, and, tho thus croſs'd, ſhall join [*Drums beating,*
A double Crown for ever in our Line. *Trumpets ſounding.*
[*Exeunt* Gund. *&c. below*, Ambiomer, *&c. above.*

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Cittadel.*

Enter Ambiomer *and* Briomer.

Brio. You know, my Lord, 'twas always my Opinion,
That *Agilmond* was Innocent; and once
I hinted to you, my ſuſpitions tended
Another way; they're now ſo much confirm'd,
I dare impart them to you.——
Amb. ——Good my Lord,
Inform me quickly, that my Rage may find
A lawful Object, and my Breaſt be quieted
With Hopes of juſt Revenge for my wrong'd Siſter.
Brio. As it appear'd unlikely, that the Prince
Should ſnatch by force what the ſucceeding night
Had giv'n him freely; ſo it ſeem'd to me
Moſt probable, that ſome deſpairing Lover,
Cut off from all his Hopes, ſhould force the Joy,
Which otherwiſe he was to loſe for ever:
This made me doubt the General; with whoſe love
To fair *Eurione* I'm well acquainted,
And had it from himſelf.——
Amb. ——His love to her
The Queen inform'd me of; but that alone
Seems much too weak a ground to judge him Guilty.
Brio. I grant, my Lord, it is; and therefore this
Did but awake my Doubts: What ſhock'd me more,
Was that I learn'd he had not been at home
During that diſmal Night.——
Amb. ——I muſt confeſs
Such an unuſual abſence look'd ſuſpicious.
Brio. But that which moſt confirms me that he was
The Raviſher, is the Confuſion viſible
In him and his upon the late Diſcovery
Of *Agilmond*'s true Sex; for I my Eyes
Did rivet to their Faces, and obſerv'd
More than Surpriſe, Vexation, Grief, and Care,
With frequent Whiſpers, and ſuch cloudy Looks
As Guilty Men can never well put off.
Amb. Continue, my dear *Briomer*, to make
Your Obſervations ſtill.
But I will yet be calm, and when our Doubts
Are grown up into Certainties, fall on him
With unreſiſted Fury.——Is the Princeſs
Yet ready to depart?——
Albi. ——My Lord, ſhe is; [*Enter* Albimer.

And

And in her Female Habit looks ſo lovely,
That none, except the fair *Eurione*,
Can vie with her for Beauty.——
Amb. ——When ſhe paſs'd
For *Agilmond*, her Features and Complexion
Were much too delicate for what ſhe ſeem'd.
My Lords, let all attend her to the Palace;
The King, though cruel, has a generous Soul,
And will not wrong our Truſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a rich Hall in the Palace.*

Enter Gunderic, Amalazontha, Genſelaric, Ferriſmond, Rodoric, Almeric, *Guards and Attendants.*

Gund. How ſtrange are all the turns of Providence!
And by what ſecret ſteps does Heav'n advance
Its own deſigns, and mock our humane Prudence!
Yet where it means to bleſs, it makes us happy
By Methods hid from us: This day's deſign
Was to unite in Bands of laſting Friendſhip
The *Vandals* and the *Goths*, and join by Marriage
The double Royal Line; and that intent
This happy day will finiſh, but by ways
Unthought of, unforeſeen: a Male and Female
Are on each ſide diſcover'd, long conceal'd
For Reaſons almoſt equal; Fate has match'd them,
And the agreeing courſe of both their lives
Has mark'd them each for other.——
Amal. ——'Tis ſo viſible,
That to oppoſe it were to fight with Heav'n,
And counterplot the Wiſdom of the Gods.
Gund. I long to ſee the new found *Eliſmonda*
Dreſt in her Sex's Habit; if ſhe bears
Her change as well as young *Ambiomer*,
I ſhall not much regret the loſs of *Agilmond*.
Amal. He has, indeed, a charming Manly Beauty,
Which challenges at once, Reſpect and Love.
But hark! your Subjects joy proclaim their coming; [*Shouts within.*
And ſee, they're here already—— [*Enter* Ambiomer, Eliſmonda *in her own habit*, Briomer, Albimer, Gothiſh *Lords*, *&c.*
——O! my Daughter;
Is it then giv'n me to embrace you thus?
To call you *Eliſmonda?* and behold you
Confeſs'd what Nature meant you?——
Gund. Accept, my Daughter, [*Embracing her.*

A Father's Penitence, who ne'er had paſs'd
So harſh a Doom upon your Infant State,
Could he have then foreſeen the mighty Joys
Your riper Years have brought him.——
Elif. ——Royal Sir,
Excuſe a Criminal that dar'd to live
When doom'd to death by you.——
Gund. ——Let us blot out
Thoſe ſad Remembrances, and turn our thoughts
To Scenes of welcome Joy.——To you, brave Prince, [*To* Amb.
And your miſtaken Zeal, we owe the bleſt
Diſcov'ry of this Secret; and your firm
Reliance on my Honour, has engag'd
My grateful Soul to make you large Returns;
Nor ſhall they be delay'd: but where's the Queen
Your Royal Mother?——
Amb. ——With my mourning Siſter.
Gund. Alas! poor injur'd Innocence! How I lov'd her,
My late deſign of matching her with *Agilmond*
Suſficiently expreſt; how now I pity her,
My dire Revenge upon the luſtful Villain,
Whene'er found out, that robb'd her of her Honour,
Shall loudly prove. But ſay, *Ambiomer*,
On what ſtrange ground did your Suſpicion work,
To fix the Guilt of ſuch an horrid Action
On the ſuppoſed *Agilmond?*——
Amb. ——I never
Should dare to look upon this injur'd Princeſs
Had I not gone upon the ſtrongeſt Circumſtances
That could engage Belief. Your Majeſty
Well knows this Dagger; in the very place
Where that foul Villany was done, I found it.
Elif. I know not where I loſt it, but I gueſs,
'Twas in the *Gothiſh* Queen's Apartment.——
Fer. ——Madam,
I ſaw you drop it there; and I remember
I ſtoop'd to take it up, but was prevented
By *Rodoric.*——
Brio. ——My Lord, obſerv'd you that? [*To* Amb. *aſide.*
Gund. By *Rodoric?* He then muſt needs be able
To give us ſome account of this dire action.
Come hither, *Rodoric*; you know that Dagger?
Rod. My Lord, I think I oft have ſeen it worn
By our fair Princeſs.——
Gund. ——Had you it of late
In your Poſſeſſion? Speak.——
Rod. ——No, Royal Sir.

Fer. Sure you forget; I ſaw you take it up
But Yeſterday.——
Rod. ——'Tis true, indeed, I did;
But loſt it ſoon.——
Gund. ——It muſt be ſo, he falters:
By all my hopes of Glory, he's the Villain.
My Guards, there, ſeize and bear him hence to Torture;
We'll ſee what Senſe the Rack will force from him.
Gen. So much I hate a Crime ſo black as his,
I'll ſee him rack'd my ſelf, and bring your Majeſty
A juſt account.—— [Briomer *whiſpers the King.*
Gund. ——My Lord, you much amaze me:
But nought ſhall be omitted, that may ſerve
To ſolve this fatal Riddle. Seize the General.
Gen. Me! Royal Sir?——
Gund. ——I will not hear him ſpeak.
Intreat the Queen and Raviſh'd Princeſs hither. [*Exit* Briomer.
Now bear that Villain forth. You, *Ferriſmond*,
Go ſee him rack'd, and bring me an account
Of what he ſhall diſcover.——
Rod. In vain you ſeek what you muſt never find;
An Innocence like mine can laugh at Torments.
[*Is carried off*, Ferriſmond *attends*, *&c.*
Gund. ——Now, *Ambiomer*,
Prepare to ſee what juſt Revenge I'll take
Upon the Luſtful Slave that durſt pollute
The Sacred Blood of Kings.——
Amb. ——This Royal Juſtice
For ever makes me yours.——

Enter Rhadegonda, Eurione *in Mourning, and* Briomer.

Eur. Ah! whither do you lead me, cruel *Briomer?* [Eurione
Let me for ever hide my Face in Darkneſs:
I am not fit for Light; a ſtain like mine
Should ſeek for Everlaſting Night to cover it.
Brio. Madam, the King invites you to aſſiſt
In the diſcovery of the curſed Raviſher,
And then to taſte the Pleaſure of juſt Vengeance.
Eur. Vengeance? will that reſtore my Raviſh'd Honour?
I cannot bear their eyes; already ſee
All turn and gaze, as if they ſaw a Monſter.
Gund. Approach, fair Sufferer; and ſuſpend a while
Your cruel Griefs, to entertain a Joy
The Gods themſelves are fond of, juſt Revenge.
View this ſuppoſed Criminal; not my Blood
Which flows within his Veins, ſhall priviledge him.

A Father's Penitence, who ne'er had paſs'd
So harſh a Doom upon your Infant State,
Could he have then foreſeen the mighty Joys
Your riper Years have brought him.——
Eliſ. ——Royal Sir,
Excuſe a Criminal that dar'd to live
When doom'd to death by you.——
Gund. ——Let us blot out
Thoſe ſad Remembrances, and turn our thoughts
To Scenes of welcome Joy.——To you, brave Prince, [*To* Amb.
And your miſtaken Zeal, we owe the bleſt
Diſcov'ry of this Secret; and your firm
Reliance on my Honour, has engag'd
My grateful Soul to make you large Returns;
Nor ſhall they be delay'd: but where's the Queen
Your Royal Mother?——
Amb. ——With my mourning Siſter.
Gund. Alas! poor injur'd Innocence! How I lov'd her,
My late deſign of matching her with *Agilmond*
Suſficiently expreſt; how now I pity her,
My dire Revenge upon the luſtful Villain,
Whene'er found out, that robb'd her of her Honour,
Shall loudly prove. But ſay, *Ambiomer*,
On what ſtrange ground did your Suſpicion work,
To fix the Guilt of ſuch an horrid Action
On the ſuppoſed *Agilmond?*——
Amb. ——I never
Should dare to look upon this injur'd Princeſs
Had I not gone upon the ſtrongeſt Circumſtances
That could engage Belief. Your Majeſty
Well knows this Dagger; in the very place
Where that foul Villany was done, I found it.
Eliſ. I know not where I loſt it, but I gueſs,
'Twas in the *Gothiſh* Queen's Apartment.——
Fer. ——Madam,
I ſaw you drop it there; and I remember
I ſtoop'd to take it up, but was prevented
By *Rodoric.*——
Brio. ——My Lord, obſerv'd you that? [*To* Amb. *aſide.*
Gund. By *Rodoric?* He then muſt needs be able
To give us ſome account of this dire action.
Come hither, *Rodoric*; you know that Dagger?
Rod. My Lord, I think I oft have ſeen it worn
By our fair Princeſs.——
Gund. ——Had you it of late
In your Poſſeſſion? Speak.——
Rod. ——No, Royal Sir.

Fer. Sure you forget; I ſaw you take it up
But Yeſterday.——
Rod. ——'Tis true, indeed, I did;
But loſt it ſoon.——
Gund. ——It muſt be ſo, he falters:
By all my hopes of Glory, he's the Villain.
My Guards, there, ſeize and bear him hence to Torture;
We'll ſee what Senſe the Rack will force from him.
Gen. So much I hate a Crime ſo black as his,
I'll ſee him rack'd my ſelf, and bring your Majeſty
A juſt account.—— [Briomer *whiſpers the King.*
Gund. ——My Lord, you much amaze me:
But nought ſhall be omitted, that may ſerve
To ſolve this fatal Riddle. Seize the General.
Gen. Me! Royal Sir?——
Gund. ——I will not hear him ſpeak.
Intreat the Queen and Raviſh'd Princeſs hither. [*Exit* Briomer.
Now bear that Villain forth. You, *Ferriſmond*,
Go ſee him rack'd, and bring me an account
Of what he ſhall diſcover.——
Rod. In vain you ſeek what you muſt never find;
An Innocence like mine can laugh at Torments.
[*Is carried off*, Ferriſmond *attends*, *&c.*
Gund. ——Now, *Ambiomer*,
Prepare to ſee what juſt Revenge I'll take
Upon the Luſtful Slave that durſt pollute
The Sacred Blood of Kings.——
Amb. ——This Royal Juſtice
For ever makes me yours.——

Enter Rhadegonda, Eurione *in Mourning*, *and* Briomer.

Eur. Ah! whither do you lead me, cruel *Briomer?* [Eurione
Let me for ever hide my Face in Darkneſs:
I am not fit for Light; a ſtain like mine
Should ſeek for Everlaſting Night to cover it.
Brio. Madam, the King invites you to aſſiſt
In the diſcovery of the curſed Raviſher,
And then to taſte the Pleaſure of juſt Vengeance.
Eur. Vengeance? will that reſtore my Raviſh'd Honour?
I cannot bear their eyes; already ſee
All turn and gaze, as if they ſaw a Monſter.
Gund. Approach, fair Sufferer; and ſuſpend a while
Your cruel Griefs, to entertain a Joy
The Gods themſelves are fond of, juſt Revenge.
View this ſuppoſed Criminal; not my Blood
Which flows within his Veins, ſhall priviledge him.

Eur. Oh I have ſeen enough: the Ring! the Ring!
[*Swoons away, they chafe her, ſhe recovers.*
Amb. What means my beſt lov'd Siſter?——
Eur. ——O that Ring!
It was impoſſible ſo black a Crime
Should be conceal'd for ever. That bright Jewel,
Worn by the Luſtful Villain, glitter'd then
Through all the ſhades of Night, and now reveals
The curſed Raviſher.——
Amb. ——O ye juſt Gods.
By what amazing ways you make the Guilty
Meet their juſt Vengeance!—— [*Enter* Ferriſmond.
Fer. ——*Rodoric*, Royal Sir,
Has on the Rack accus'd *Genſelaric*
To be the Actor of this horrid Rape,
And that himſelf and *Almeric* aſſiſted him.
Gund. Secure that other Villain! How was I
Miſtaken in this Monſter!
Amb. ——Speak, foul Raviſher,
What Devil prompted you to ſuch an Action
As Fiends would bluſh to own?
Gen. —'Twas Love, or Luſt,
Give it which name you will. The mighty Pleaſure
I then receiv'd, will ſcarce be bought too dear
By all that I can ſuffer. *Rodoric*
Can tell you more: For me, I vow to keep
An Everlaſting ſilence.——
Gund. ——Force of Torture
Shall break your wilful ſilence, and compel you
To Groan, if not to ſpeak.——
Amb. —My Royal Lord,
When firſt I found this Weapon, I vow'd ſolemnly,
That my ſad Soul ſhould never taſte of Quiet,
Till in the luſtful Villain's Blood I drench'd
The thirſty Blade.—Thus I perform my Vow. [*Stabs Gen.*
And though the foulneſs of a Guilt like yours
Deſerves the common Hangman to avenge it;
Yet ſince the Royal Blood of *Gunderic*
Flows in your Veins, die by a Prince's hand.
Gund. Young Man, you are too raſh.——
Amb. —Thus low I beg [*Kneeling.*
Your Royal Pardon, and ſubmit my ſelf
To what your juſtly kindled Rage ordains.
I hearken'd to my wrongs; and they allow'd me
No leiſure to conſult with due reſpect.
Gund. Riſe up, brave Prince; I only grieve he met
Fate ſo Noble. Fair *Eurione*,

This

This Virgin will endeavour to divert you,
And make you loſe your Sorrows.—
Eur. ——Royal Sir,
Could my loſt ſtate admit of any Comfort,
I ſure, ſhould find it there. But Life has nothing
That I can reliſh now. Bleſt opportunity! [*Aſide.*
I ſee the friendly means to end my Sorrow, [*Sees the Dagger.*
And make my Fame Immortal;
But ſhall I mix my Blood with ſuch a Villain's?
Stain'd and polluted as it is, 'tis fit
To mingle with no other. [*Snatches the Dagger, and ſtabs her ſelf.*
Amb. ——Hold, *Eurione!*
What has deſpairing Sorrow forc'd you to?
Eur. To ſeek the only cure for that diſtemper
Which I have labour'd under. Nor had I wav'd
This Remedy ſo long, but that I waited
To ſee my injur'd Honour firſt reveng'd.
What farther uſe of Life can I propoſe?
Since nothing more is to be loſt or gain'd;
My Honour gone, and my Revenge obtain'd. [*Dies.*
Rhad. Alas! my Daughter!
The Gods muſt have in ſtore mighty Reſerves
Of Happineſs, to make you juſt amends
For what you ſuffer'd here.——
Amb. ——O Royal Victim!
How does the Soul of our Immortal Father
Look down with Joy upon his dying Offspring,
And bleſs his Noble Iſſue.—
Amal. Let not unprofitable Sorrow, Madam,
Make you inſenſible of ſolid Joys;
Eurione has gain'd a Fame by dying,
Which the moſt happy life may envy.—
Gund. ——Madam,
You mourn a Daughter loſt, to fill her room
Accept this Maid, the only Prop and Comfort
Of my declining Age; in gaining her
I loſt a Son; but ſhall be much o'erpaid,
If this brave Prince will take his empty place,
And let me call him mine.—
Rhad. ——What vaſt returns
Of Gratitude am I oblig'd to make
For ſuch a mighty Preſent?—
Amb. ——Let me thus
Low on my Knees receive the glorio[us]
Your Goodneſs has deſign'[d]
Conſent to favou[r]
The Bleſſi[ng]

Elis. ——The King commands,
And I must ne'er dispute his Royal Will.
Gund. Draw near *Ambiomer* and *Elismonda*;
Thus I unite your hands, and may this be
A Match of Nations, whilst the *Goths* and *Vandals*
Link'd in a firm Alliance look on you
As on their double Pledge of mutual Friendship.
Amb. All my past Griefs are swallow'd up and lost
In this vast tide of Joy: and Fate has given
More than my most aspiring hopes could aim at.
Come, beauteous *Elismonda*, let's prepare
To meet Love's richest Joys: And from our Fate
The World may learn this Lesson, that the Gods,
While Human Policy contends in vain,
Will their own Ends by their own Ways obtain. [*Exeunt*

FINIS.